NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1877.

VOLUME XXV.—No. 4. Price Ten Cents.

AN APRIL IDYL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Now, veiled in mists by sunbeams rent,
Comes, April, lovely herald, sent
To wake the sleeping flowers;
She steeps the earth in her warm tears,
And straightway countless glittering spears
Of emerald wave above the mold,
Jeweled with diamond showers;
And daisies ope their eyes of gold,
And violets lips from marly beds,
To drink the drops sweet April sheds.

Her magic voice is on the breeze,
Her magic touch is on the trees
Within the forest deep;
And lo! transformed each monarch stands,
And each young sapling claps her hands,
To feel her pulses leap;
A resurrection-angel, fair,
With cloudy train and dewy hair,
Sweet April walks through woodland bowers,
And weeps and whispers to the flowers.

Her feet in fields where she has trod
Have left their impress on the sod
In buttercups and violets blue;
And from her mine of wealth untold
She coins the dandelion's gold,
And strews it o'er the pastures old,
Gleaming with gems of dew;
Which children gather, little things,
And think themselves as rich as kings.

The zephyrs linger, as they pass
O'er pale Spring beauties in the grass,
To whisper they are fair;
But soon they leave behind the heath,
Hoping to catch a sweeter breath
Where pansies' purple eyes unclose,
Each sparkling with a tear.
Where faintly glows the early rose,
And golden flowers of Easter-time
Start up to hear the joy-bells chime.

See yonder bow on April's brow!
How bright its beauteous colors glow,
Reflected in the wave!
God formed it when Old Time was young,
Ere yet the song the bright stars sung,
Had through heaven's vastness rung,
And He this promise gave:
That day and night should never cease,
But every season know its place—
While earth remains, each circling year
Should bring the blade and ripened ear.

FRANK OAKES ROSE.

IRENE:

THE SLAVE OF THE RING AND THE STAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL,
AUTHOR OF "ERIE TEMPLETON," "POISONED FOR LOVE," "LU THE QUADROON," "GILDED SORROWS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

"CANVAS JOE."

Irene sat at a late breakfast. In the warm hearts of "Joe Canvas" (he was more commonly called "Canvas Joe," though his right name was Joseph Roberts) and his hale wife she had already taken the place of a daughter, and yet, had the truth been confessed, they looked upon her with awe. Her story had been told—at least sufficient of it to place her right before their eyes—and they gazed with open-mouthed wonder and astonishment that so delicate and beautiful a girl could have lived to pass through so much, and in their honest hearts they questioned the Providence that had carried her safely through for putting so much upon young and inexperienced shoulders.

"I know that Dr. Van Dyke somewhat," said Joe, pausing in the act of lifting a huge cup of coffee to his mouth. "Didn't you remember, Sue," to his wife, "that he came on the stage in the theatre and sorter patched me up when the 'Mazeppa' run came crashing down, and everybody thought it was the last of poor Joe?" But with a confident smile: "I'm made of gutta-percha and whalebone, and good for many a hard knock yet."

"Yes, Joe," said his wife, looking at him admiringly. "But don't talk of your mishaps now. Only think of this poor dear! I know I should have died. Just think of her being in that den of river-thieves! Horrible!"

"Well," was the reflective answer, "I s'pose there are good and bad hearted men among them, the same as others. There was——"

"No matter, Joe," again interrupted his wife, who knew his showman's propensity for reeling off yarns from the log of memory. "Don't you see that the dear soul is waiting to talk to you about herself?"

"I'm mum!" and with a quizzical expression he arose, lighted his pipe, and sat down again, the picture of resignation and fortitude.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Roberts, having become satisfied that her husband was effectually squelched for the time.

Irene laughed as she looked from the face of one to the other. She understood at a glance that there was the most perfect harmony between them, and that all of the "abused" look of the husband was assumed. Then she said:

"Now, my kind friends, you have heard my story, and I wish you to advise me as to what it is best for me to do."

"Go back and choke that old mother-in-law!" put in Joe.

"Hush!" commanded Mrs. Roberts. "I never knew a man yet that had the slightest sense in such matters."

"I'm mum!" and he blew the smoke from his pipe in such a torrent towards his wife that she was forced to retreat, half-strangled.

"Joe! Joseph! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Ugh! ugh! You nearly make me cough my lungs out."

"I don't think you are exactly saying what you mean," interposed Irene. "Taking vengeance upon the woman who has injured me would not better my condition, that I can see."

"Be satisfaction!" suggested Joe, and he made motions as if he were holding the obnoxious female by the throat with one hand, while he soundly pummeled her with the other.

"You are right, my dear," said Mrs. Roberts. "Now, if you were to ask me, *I* should say: 'Just stay with us, and be our daughter.'"

The eyes of Joe became misty at the thought. But for once he wisely kept silence. It was too tender and delicate a subject for him to jest upon, although he was wont to indulge in that line very often to cover the true state of his feelings.

"Much as I thank you," responded Irene, with her heart rising up in gratitude so as to almost choke her utterance, "yet it cannot be. If I knew where Mr. Mason was, I would write him. He must have considerable money belonging to me yet in his hands, and ——"

"Charley Mason?" inquired Joe—"the Charley Mason who used to ride with you in old Smith's Circus?"

"Yes, that is the man."

"He killed himself quite lately in trying to turn a triple-summerset, as other fools have done."

"Be still, Joe," commanded his wife. "You never open your mouth without putting your foot in it."

"I verily believe so, and I'm mum!" he responded, with everything of levity crushed out, for his words had brought a deathly paleness to the face of Irene.

"Killed himself? Are you quite certain?" she questioned in a trembling voice.

"I don't think there can be any mistake about it, poor, dear heart," answered Mrs. Roberts. "Come to think of it, I remember Joe's reading all about it to me out of the paper."

"Then Heaven help me! I am without a cent in the world."

"Well," replied Joe, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and laying it up with the greatest caution, "that don't matter. We haven't much, to be sure, Sue and I; but you shall have an equal share."

"That is not to be thought of. You will need all you possess, and far more, I fear, for old age. But if you will kindly permit me to remain with you, to call this my home for the present, I will work ——"

"Work? You work, dear little soul!" broke in Mrs. Roberts, raising her hands in holy horror. "That you shall never do;" and she telegraphed with her lips to Joe to keep still, and, in the same fashion, he answered that he was "mum."

"You mistake me," replied Irene with a sad smile. "I do not mean work with my hands. I fear I should accomplish but little, if I did. But I have been flattered with possessing talents, know that I can dance ——"

"And want to go on the stage."

It was Joe who finished the sentence; and his wife, in a subsequent conversation, deliberately expressed it to him as her firm conviction that she would have taken pleasure, actual pleasure, in choking him at that particular moment.

"Yes," assented Irene enthusiastically, "in going on the stage. I have often thought of it, and resolved to do so; and now I am not only obliged to for support, but the way seems paved for me."

"But, dear heart, do you know what the trials of an actress are?" queried Mrs. Roberts.

"I don't think I can find them any worse than I have already gone through."

"Or one-half as bad," blurted out her husband, who looked upon the stage as the very acme of human bliss, and a "star" as the peer of any other mortal.

"Joe! Joseph!"

"I'm mum!" and, glancing at the clock that ticked merrily upon the mantel-shelf of the kitchen dining-room, he winked sagaciously at Irene and departed to his daily labors.

The conversation of the woman and girl was continued at length, Irene imparting portions of her story she had failed to relate before—that she could not have done in the presence of Mr. Roberts, as she endeavored to call him, though the sobriquet by which she had known him would come soonest to the tongue.

"Bless your dear heart," said the buxom wife "you needn't have minded my old Joe. He's just one of the cleverest and best fellows in the world, though I have to sorter keep him in check from telling his everlasting showman-stories."

"And he always promises to be 'mum,'" laughed Irene.

"And never keeps it. But about you going on the stage, dear soul ——"

"It's a settled fact, and I'm not going to keep 'mum' about it, either," shouted Joe, dashing in at the moment and swinging his hat like a schoolboy given an unexpected holiday.

"Joseph, are you crazy?" asked his wife, actually looking at him in alarm.

"Don't know but I am—anyhow, I have a right to be."

His wife forced him to a seat, and, after a little tormenting, he explained that the premiere danseuse had suddenly been taken ill while rehearsing, and the manager was at his wits'-ends.

"A rare chance for me!" exclaimed Irene, springing to his side and clapping her hands as gleefully as when she was a little child trying to tangle her tiny feet in the sunbeams.

"Yes, dear heart," chimed in Mrs. Roberts, catching the wild enthusiasm, and forgetting all her recent objections. "Get your bonnet and shawl, quick, dear heart, and I will go with you. Joe! Joseph! for once you have done nobly;" and she threw her fat arms about his neck and kissed him until he fairly blushed.

"And had no reason to keep mum," he laughed as he extricated himself from the somewhat too powerful embrace to be comfortable. "Come, the manager is rampaging about the stage like old Lear, and we must lose no time, but strike while the iron is hot."

And to give full expression to his feelings, he

"Drew from the deep Charybdis of his coat
What seemed a handkerchief, and forth with blew
His vocal nose"

with a sound like thunder, to the great amusement of Irene and the annoyance of his wife.

CHAPTER X.

LA PETITE ELLSLER.

"Can you dance, child?"

Almost everybody persisted in looking at Irene in that light, or used it as a familiar term when addressing her, and the manager of the theatre was not an exception.

"Will you please see me try?" blushing at his earnest gaze, and with downcast eyes, was answered by Irene.

The reply was a thousandfold more to the purpose with him than the loudest self-laudation could have been. The modest demeanor and answer of the new aspirant for terpsichorean honors pleased him.

"Our mutual friend Joe," he continued, with a more kindly smile than had at first welcomed her, "has told me a trifle of your history, and is loud in your praise. But you must be aware that the role is a difficult one to fill, especially after the public have raved so madly about Mademoiselle Inez; that they will be very critical; that much—indeed, I might say everything—depends upon a first impression."

He watched Irene sharply, and saw that she paled, and he resumed with even less of the manager and the man of business about him:

"Somehow, I have faith in you; and, to save you as much as possible, the trial you propose shall be a private one, if you prefer. Have you any choice?"

She bowed her acknowledgments, and, summoning pride and resolution to her aid, answered, full-voiced:

"Thanks. But as I shall have to dance tonight, if at all, before a crowded house, as well as those belonging to the stage, it will not make the slightest difference to me, sir."

"Then you do not fear failure?"

"I do not, sir," positively.

Joe Canvas, who was standing near among a group of actors, actresses, and "supes," struck an attitude and exclaimed, *a la* Forrest:

"In the bright catalogue of youth, that age reserves for a brighter manhood, there is no such word as fail!"

"Joe, Joseph!" whispered his wife, tugging at his coat-sleeve.

"I'm mum!" he answered, and immediately—to use his own term when he described it to Irene—"became as meek as Moses;" not, however, deigning to elucidate at what particular time the lamb-like demeanor was assumed.

By direction of the manager the stage was cleared of the "lumber" that accumulates at such an hour of busy preparation, the musicians were summoned, and Irene made her debut before the most critical and cold-blooded audience, even though small; for, alas! as it is to be regretted, professional jealousy very frequently lurks behind. But in this instance the success was too pronounced to admit of denial, and the applause that followed was genuine and hearty.

The manager stepped to the side of the flushed and panting girl, took her hand, and praised and thanked her. The stage-manager was in raptures. Joe, completely carried away by feelings, threw his arms around her neck and kissed her, though he was immediately brought back to his senses by the severe tugging of his wife at his hair, and cries of "Joe! Joseph!" And even those in the ballet who had vainly aspired to the place tacitly acknowledged that Irene had fairly won it, and, taking the cue from the manager, silenced envy in admiration.

The rest was easy. Joe knew the salary that had previously been paid—a large one—and insisted that his protegee should receive the same, he having appointed himself her guardian, and with high hopes and a bounding heart Irene returned home with Mrs. Roberts to arrange a dress, that lady willingly proposing to furnish the necessary funds.

It was in the days when the "Divine Fanny"—the Elsler with all the superlatives attached that the dictionary could furnish or brain of man invent—was the rage, and the manager shrewdly took advantage of it, christened Irene (*nonume de theatre*) "La Petite Elsler," and so announced her in extra posters and bills flaming with capitals and filled with display-type. He knew the value of "printers' ink" when judiciously used, and that the pocket of the public could be best reached through the eye.

Nothing was neglected to give eclat to the matter. Granted that something of selfishness underlaid the transaction—that money was the strongest motive-power—yet it could not have been denied that the beauty and accomplishments of Irene had reached his heart far more than was ordinarily the case, urged perhaps into greater activeness by the general favorite "Canvas Joe," who was her champion.

Even the weather smiled. The evening came in rare beauty and stillness, and very early crowds were flocking to the theatre, on foot and in carriages. The manager rubbed his hands complacently, the treasurer was jubilant, the ushers more than kept busy. "Standing-room Only" was announced at a before unheard-of hour. The dense mass of humanity was at fever-heat; and, though the play was an attractive one, though a "star" shed her glorious light upon the scene, yet they could hardly restrain their impatience and curiosity, for everything of interest centred in the fair debutante.

The curtain fell upon the last act of "Fazio."

MISS BELLA MOORE (MRS. FRED. VOKES).

SEE "AMUSEMENT ANNALS."

There was a hurried shuffling behind it, the moying of scenery, the "fiddles" took to themselves an extra taning, the first notes of the "dance-music" fell upon the ears of the audience, and they became hushed and as near breathless as humanity in such a crush could possibly be and survive.

"Tinkle! Tinkle!"

The curtain trembled, stirred, rolled slowly upwards—so very slowly that everyone was ready to affirm it was done for the purpose of tantalization. At last a clear view of the stage was given to the longing eyes. Its greatest length and breadth had been given, and it was "set" as a garden of exquisite beauty, that gave reality to the poetic idea of Claude Melnotte:

"Where the perfumed light
Steals through the mists of alabaster-lamps,
And every air is heavy with the sighs
Of orange-groves, and music of sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
I' the midst of roses!"

In the centre, at the extreme rear, was a bower of natural flowers, perfumed, in full blossom. It seemed a part of the whole, rather than a distinctive feature; but when a particular strain in the music was reached, it suddenly opened and disclosed "La Petite Elsler" standing tip-toed, and radiant with youth, loveliness and expectation.

Ah, if Irene was ever beautiful, it was then. The spectators rose en masse, and greeted her with thunders of applause that made the walls and roof of the theatre tremble. Beautiful exceedingly she looked. Nature had done very much, and Art her all, to this end. Fairly enlisted, all the female talent of the establishment had been brought to bear, and the result was a marvel. Her dress was soft, fleecy in texture, and dainty in tint, just sufficiently *decollete* to hint at rather than reveal, leaving the round arms and a glimpse of the white shoulders bare, and giving to view the exquisite proportions of the bust and waist, and full play to limbs wonderful in their moulding. Her hair was trussed with arrows of burnished gold, and hung in loops of curls. A tiny crown, flashing with jewels, rested lightly upon her head, and from it were festooned slender threads of flowers, to be caught up upon the skirt of her robe and scatter glowing petals as she moved, until it seemed the reality of walking upon rose-leaves.

A breathless pause, a crash of the music, and she leaped forward; the warm, dizzy, rapid dance began; and many a pair of youthful, manly lips might have truthfully murmured: "Tread light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love," so completely did she hold the audience and make them the slaves of her twinkling feet.

Again and yet once again was she forced to answer to an encore; and at the last she stood (to use the language of one of the papers of the day) "fairly smothered in bouquets." Her triumph was positive. She had not anticipated one-half so much, could not have wished for more; and, had death come to her then and there, it would have found her with the cup of life filled to the golden brim.

Happy beyond her wildest dream, she retreated to her dressing-room; and, having again resumed the apparel of every-day life, she rested until her kind friends were released from duty and ready to attend her home. Then, at the late and more than usually gay and lavish supper, her "first appearance" was discussed, and poor "Canvas Joe" received more than one squelching from his wife when indulging in what she considered immoderate raptures.

Irene awoke and found herself famous, if ever woman did in this hero and heroine worshiping world. She had played for greatness, and won the crown. Perfumed notes, bouquets of the rarest exotics, poured in upon her. This one would have her wear a ring for his sake, that one a bracelet; this one would be proud to call her friend, and that one to have her sup with him. So the strains ran until she became disgusted with fulsome adulation.

"And to-morrow," she said with a sigh, "I may be shunned and insulted in the street, even as I was yesterday."

Were her words prophetic?

Night after night she increased in popular favor, established herself as "Reigning Queen of the Ballet," and her future appeared fixed. Not that she intended to remain always in the same position—to play the same part for life. No, very far from it. She had higher aspirations—a more lofty aim. But what they were she kept within her own breast—did not even whisper to her friends. The time had not come, and, in fact, she had not as yet thoroughly settled the matter in her own mind. It required much thought and study—far more, poor, ambitious child, than she would know until she bent her fair neck to the yoke, for Ambition makes every one of her devotees wear it, even though it be gold and jeweled.

But she became most heartily sick of the fulsome compliments poured into her ears by the fast young men of society who gained the entree of the stage and nightly crowded around her. In the first flush of success, in her inexperience of such a position, urged by gratified vanity, in the perfect and trusting innocence of her heart, she had made a fatal mistake, and suffered from the consequences. She had permitted men to draw near and talk to her upon the stage and monopolize her in the greenroom whom she soon came to look upon with scorn and disgust—had even accepted presents of jewelry, and worn them in public, that she now wished had been sunk a thousand fathoms in the sea before she thus humiliated herself. And she was learning another lesson that cut her proud heart still more deeply, and made her eyes flash and cheeks burn with indignation and shame. Shame not for herself, but for those who, calling themselves men, could look down upon girlhood as they did, and brand the actress because of the profession.

Without a word to her kind friends, she avoided as much as possible those she at least fancied she had good reason for so doing—held herself aloof and above any ensnailment—turned a deaf ear to flattery, and would none of their presents; and yet how more than true she found the words:

"Be thou as chaste as ice and pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny!"

The course she adopted, and which should have made her friends, produced the contrary result. Men—at least they called themselves so—began to sneer, slur, cast out insinuations that she little dreamed of, and grew bold by degrees. At first she knew nothing of this. But at last it was forced upon her that she was looked upon as of a demoralized profession—one that was a synonym for laxity of morality—and the business she had at first looked upon as all rose-colored became almost hateful.

"Better, far better," she sighed as she turned away one night from the glitter, the light and the music, having been released at an unwontedly early hour, "to toil with needle till eyes and body and soul give way, than to live in plenty and ease if thus marked and despised."

The humble home of her friends was but a little way distant, the streets were not deserted, she had nothing to fear. It was the first time she had made such a venture, and, longing to be alone, was rapidly tripping forward, when a hand was laid on her arm and a voice whispered in her ear:

"Glad to see you. Knew you would keep the appointment. Come, I——"

"Sir!" she answered, drawing back, though more in astonishment than fear. "Do you know to whom you are talking?"

"Very pretty! Well acted! But playing the prude too long is not becoming, my dear, though it may be all very well on the stage. But everyone understands these things in a dancing-girl."

"Sir!" and her eyes flashed fires so indignant that they might have well burned even into so black a soul.

"There, that will do. I'm used to such things—know all about putting on such airs. Want a little gentle force, just to keep up the farce, do you?"

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Oh, this is rich," and the man laughed a bitterly mocking laugh. "Profess not to understand? It's entirely too thin. If you didn't want to meet me, why did you keep the appointment, and why do you wear my jewels upon your arm?"

Something—just a glimpse of the true state of affairs—shot through her mind. With a rapid movement she tore the bracelet from her arm, dashed it upon the pavement, and trampled it under her feet. With a curse, the man sprang upon and grappled her. A cry for help rang from her lips, and, though fighting as desperately as her strength permitted, she felt that she was being swiftly dragged away.

A carriage was passing, with proud horses and liveried coachman. It was suddenly stopped, the door flew open, a young man sprang out and rushed to her assistance. One blow felled the ruffian who was bearing Irene away. She was lifted up, placed within the carriage, the command given, and she was whirled away, with wildly beating heart and dizzy brain, where she knew not, by whom she knew not, but fearing the worst.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ABDUCTION.

It would be impossible to convey by words the intensity of feeling throughout the city on the morning following the disappearance of "La Petite Elsler," as she was best known. The papers were filled with the most extravagant stories; the manager of the theatre was loud in his maledictions; "Canvas Joe" acting as one demented, and his wife going from home to the theatre, and from theatre to home, weeping and wringing her hands.

Of the truth of the matter very little was known. The girl had been seen to leave the stage-door at an early hour. It was rumored that at least someone "who looked like her" had been noticed talking to a man in the street; then that ubiquitous "somebody," who always knows more than anybody else, said the twain had entered a carriage and been swiftly driven away.

The gossips wondered, and the quidnuncs wisely shook their heads. Infamy whispered that it was not the first pretty dancing-girl who had sold herself for silks, satins and jewels. Envy among the sisterhood who lived by the same profession whispered that *they* were not in the least surprised, that *they* never thought she was "any better than she ought to be." Prudism held up its hands in holy horror, and Bigotry and Ignorance declared that the stage ought to be abolished—that it was shameless and disgusting; and the public mourned the loss of one who had amused, though that was about all they cared for.

In fact, the manager, from partly sordid motives, and poor Joe and his wife, from the most disinterested affection, were the only ones who gave more than a passing thought to a matter of such vital importance to the girl herself. And the former soon became lukewarm, and then indifferent. The one whose place Irene had usurped had recovered her health, reappeared, satisfied the public, and in so doing satisfied him.

But Joe and his wife would not be quieted. They "knew just as well as they knew anything" that Irene had not disappeared of her own volition, but that she had been abducted and foully dealt with, and Joe haunted the police-offices until he became a nuisance, and so neglected his business that he came near losing his place at the theatre.

"If she had been my own daughter I couldn't feel worse," he said, and truthfully, to the manager, when they were talking upon the subject.

"And yet you must be convinced by this time," was the reply, "that she went away of her own will. Else something would have been heard of her."

"Don't believe a word of it. She isn't that kind of a girl. A purer and better mortal never lived; and, if the thing ever comes out, you will find it to be as I say."

"I hope so, Joe; but I must acknowledge I have not as sublime faith in the power to resist temptation in such girls as you have."

"Wish it was his daughter," grumbled Joe; "then he wouldn't talk as he does, not by a long shot."

In that he was right. But he was also not long in finding out that there were others who took the same view, and at last he was reduced almost to silence and to working alone. Then he bethought himself of Doctor Van Dyke, and went to see him. The physician was not in a particularly pleasant mood for either becoming the champion of or taking any active measures to find one who had already been the cause of so much trouble to him. He had but lately come out of a severe and long-protracted battle with his wife and mother-in-law, and still (figuratively) bore marks of the encounter. Do what he would, he had failed to convince them of his perfect innocence of what he had been accused. So he turned but a cold ear to the pleadings of Joe, said he put but little faith in the story; there might be something in it; and, well—hem—time would show.

Baffled in his last hope, Joe was forced to a state of inaction, even while keeping both his eyes and ears open. But at length the very last plank to which he clung was forcibly wrenched from his grasp and drifted away. He was busily engaged in his work one morning in the theatre, when one of the boys who always haunt such places in the hope of doing some odd job that will gain them a pass into the pit came sneaking around and beckoned to him in the most mysterious manner.

"Get out of this!" commanded Joe, as he "went for" the youngster, hammer in hand.

"Hold on, Joe; I've got suthin ter tell yer werry important; wish-er-may-die ef I haint."

"Get out! I know you of old. Want to steal something, that's what you want," and he laid his broad hand upon the collar of the urchin, and, had not the rags given way, would have lifted him clear of the floor.

"Don't do that ar, Joe," was whimpered; "'tis my werry best Sunday-go-to-meetin' coat, and yer might injure it."

Joe looked at the dirty face and hands, and shoeless and stockingless feet, and the garments so patched that the original material would have been very hard to discover, and could not repress laughter.

"That your Sunday coat? Well, I *should* like to know what your every-day one looks like. Let me give you some advice: Don't go out in the wind, or the rags will whip you to death. But don't stand gaping and winking. I have no time to spare—got to make up Desdemona's bed, and lots of things."

"Joe, I have got suthin ter tell yer that am werry important, just as true as I live and breathe. You remember the pretty gal that used ter dance here?"

"What! Irene?" and he dropped his hammer, sprang to the side of the boy and grasped his arm in so forcible a manner that he cried out with pain.

"That haint her name," replied the boy, shaking his head dubiously.

"You mean 'La Petite Ellsler?' What of her? Do you know anything? Tell me quick, before I strangle you."

"Shuttin' off er feller's wind wouldn't be a werry good way ter make him talk, and pinchin' his arm ontil it am black and blue haint pleasant," was the cool response.

"I didn't mean to hurt you;" and he now gently drew the boy aside where they would not be observed or overheard, and demanded all the information he possessed.

"Do yer know that ar?" asked the street-gamin, taking from the depths of some hidden and cavernous pocket the bracelet Irene had indignantly torn from her wrist and trampled under foot.

"Yes, yes," gasped Joe, with his face working in agony. "Where in Heaven's name did you get it?"

"Found it."

That very definite piece of intelligence troubled the bearer far more than if he had been told, as he had expected to be, that the trinket had been stolen.

"Found it?" he managed to articulate, "where? If you undertake to lie to me, I'll break every bone in your body, mind!"

Now, the boy had come with the express purpose of not telling the truth, or anything in the least resembling it. Indeed, lying was his normal condition, and if he told the truth at all it was an almost unheard-of accident. Besides, he had prepared a story expressly for the occasion—one, he thought, would secure a much larger reward than the simple facts. So, though he was not without alarm at the fierceness of Joe, he stuck to his text, and answered:

"I found it this werry mornin' inter er coach war I had crawled ter sleep last night, out of ther way of ther rain. Ther carpet on ther floor war all trampled up inter er heap, and the cushions all blood."

"O Lord!" groaned Joe, pale with terror and anxiety, and then in a hoarse voice he commanded him to go on.

"I haint nothin' more ter tell, only that I went back arterward ter see ef I couldn't find suthin more, and it war gone."

"What was the number of the coach?"

"I don't know—can't read—wish I could."

"But you found the bracelet, and the coach was torn and bloody?"

"Yes, I-wish-er-may-die ef it wasn't."

Joe flung the boy what money he chanced to have about him, and, placing the battered bracelet carefully in his pocket, reported himself as taken suddenly ill, and started home. His mind was in too great a whirl to note any discrepancies in the story he had heard—he must see his wife and talk it over with her.

From that hour Joe had no doubt Irene had been abducted and murdered. Both he and his wife looked upon her as dead, and great and genuine was their grief. And, though they could not raise a marble monument over her remains, they did all that was possible to keep her memory green. Mrs. Roberts clothed herself in a "suit of sables," and Joe put upon his hat a weed that for length and blackness was the admiration of all the old ladies in the neighborhood, and swung and streamed behind him, as he walked, two immense ensigns of woe.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

M. Moina, a Parisian jeweler and a man of the highest integrity, died recently. An anecdote concerning him has recently been made current in the circles of the gay capital.

M. Moina was visited one day by a gentleman who brought with him a superb set of diamonds, which he wished to sell, their places to be supplied by false stones. The jeweler saw the gentleman for the first time, but he recognized the parure as having been a wedding-gift from an old lady of his acquaintance to her granddaughter. He demanded twenty-four hours to complete the work, and informed the grandmother of the circumstances of the case. The latter, after some reflection, ordered M. Moina to give the diamonds back to the gentleman intact, together with fifty thousand francs.

"The husband will believe them false," she said, "and will not attempt to sell them again. Scandal will thus be avoided, and my granddaughter will not be robbed."

So far, well and good. But, a few months after, to M. Moina's consternation, the wife, in her turn, presented herself on the same errand. A heavy bill was due to Worth the dressmaker, which must be paid.

"Come to-morrow," said Moina, wiping his forehead. Another consultation was held between the jeweler and the rich grandmother, who, after some energetic language, deemed it best to advance another fifty thousand francs, which, together with the identical jewels, were handed to the wife.

After that, naturally, neither sought to sell the diamonds, which each thought false, and they chuckled individually when anyone praised the lustre and fine-water of the stones.

CHINESE COUSINS.—A Chinese interpreter in the Ah Moon murder trial, to-day, was told to ask a witness the application of the term "cousin," as used by the Chinese, or, in other words, the relationship existing between Chinese calling each other cousins. He replied that all Chinese having the same surname were cousins under the social laws of China; that it made no difference from what part of China they hailed, they called each other cousins, and that this applied to the Chinese all over the world. The witness was asked the question: "Do these cousins consider it not only their privilege, but their duty, to sustain each other, right or wrong?" He answered that they did. "Suppose," said the counsel, "a member of the cousin family by the name of Wing was killed by a member of a cousin family named Sung, would not all the members of the Wing family be obliged to pursue the Sung family until they obtained revenge on one or the other of the members?" "Yes, sir," replied the witness.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

IT IS a question whether the news can be fresh which comes through salt water.

WHY HE KEEPS THE KID.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EMAC CROOK.

A curious kid now, ain't he?
Yours was the same, I think;
And the other gent's was—Bourbon?
Indulged to you, sir, I don't drink.

A seven-year-old last August—
You'd think he was older than that?
It's owin', you see, to his drygoods;
He's young, but he aint no flat.

You'll find him here always a-loafin'—
He oughter be goin' to school?
That's a fact; but he scurs on learnin'—
His dad, I've been told, is a fool.

And his mother, she died when the youngster
Was takin' his milk pretty straight;
Since which he has froze to the barroom
Without ever troublin' the slate.

I oughter shut down on his loafin'?
No doubt 'twould be well if I did,
But you see I can't make him go-at
Anything, bein' a kid.

And, moreover, he frequently tells me
That his prospects in life I would mar
By turning him out, for the reason
That he's studyin' now for the bar.

Posted? You'd think so, I reckon,
If you seen him with Bowery Jim,
A-holdin' the pasteboards at euchre—
I've bowers warnt nothin' for him!

And he played off a couple of horses,
Laying out Bowery Jim most severe;
And then, with his chin on the bar there,
He says: "Mine is a sasp'rilla beer."

And so, while he never spends nothin',
He's useful to have in the place,
For he always holds one of the bowers,
And frequently two—with an ace.

And whenever a party is anxious
To pick up a guy at a game
Of euchre, cassino or what-not,
The kid is prepared for the same.

Bein' small, as you see, why, there's no one
As drops to his method of play,
But I tell you he shuffles peculiar—
And I hope you'll not give me away!

So I don't feel inclined for to shake him,
Though many's the chance I have had,
Because, as you see, he is useful,
And likewise because I'm his dad!

FOOTLIGHT REMINISCENCES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIE GILL.

Cogitating the other day upon by-gone events, a very funny little circumstance was recalled to my memory, and I thought that the relation of it—together with some few other little incidents I have witnessed during the course of my theatrical life—might serve as a source of amusement to many of your numerous readers.

We were on a traveling snap, in the interior districts of Victoria, Australia, and our troupe was ostensibly a dramatic one; but as an attraction, to catch the Hoosiers, we had amalgamated with us a serio-comic singer, a tight-rope performer (Herr Christoff, since dead), and a brawny Scotchman, who held up heavy weights, tossed cannon-balls, etc. It was a rule every evening, at the conclusion of the performance, to announce the bill for the next evening. This plan acted very well, as it gave one of the company an opportunity of getting familiar with speech-making, and saved programmes. On one particular night it became the Scotchman's turn to announce the show for the following evening. Before going on he was told to say the first piece would be the nautical drama of "Blackeyed Susan," and that during the evening Herr Christoff would perform some new and startling feats on the tight-rope. Scotty was very nervous, it being his first appearance as a speech-maker. We all stood at the wings, ready to prompt him should he stick. On he went, and in his broad Scotch dialect said: "Laddies and lassies, I ha' the honor o' announcing the fac' that t'morrow nicht we shall ha' the pleasure o' presenting ta' yer notice—the—the ——" and here he stuck.

"Blackeyed Susan," shouted one prompter.

"Herr Christoff on the tight-rope," sang out another.

"O' presenting ta' yer notice ——" Another stick.

"Herr Christoff, tight-rope ——"

"Blackeyed Susan ——"

"O' presenting to yer notice—a—a—*Tightened Susan on the black-rope!*"

Speaking of "Blackeyed Susan" reminds me of another little anecdote connected with the playing of that drama. I had occasion, in some of the "Reminiscences" I sent you some months ago, to mention an actor who was greatly addicted to "guying." On one occasion he was playing William, and, truth to tell, he had looked during the day a little too much upon the wine when it was red, and the consequence was that he was none too perfect in his lines at night. However, he managed to fumble along until he came to the trial-scene, and here his utter forgetfulness of the lines became painfully apparent—so much so that he began dimly to realize the effect himself. So, when he came to the lines beginning "I had been three years at sea," he gravely began:

"I have been three years at sea, and during all that time I have never seen a book of this d—d play!"

"Gentlemen of the orchestra," on one occasion said a certain manager of my acquaintance, whose ideas of music were very limited, and whose manner of explaining the style of music he wanted was, to say the least of it, confusing—"gentlemen of the orchestra, I want you to play some music expressive of the feelings of a maiden aunt upon being told that her noble nephew had so far forgotten his high birth as to marry the widow of a wealthy soap-boiler."

The music played on that occasion has since been copyrighted and classed A 1 at Lloyd's.

I gave your readers before some specimens of Alexander's (of Glasgow, Scotland) little eccentricities of manner. Here is another. During the performance of some spectacular fairy drama, it became necessary for the corps de ballet to make its appearance during a portion of the play from below the stage. Close by the trap on which most of the fairies had to ascend was a hole that had been dug to receive the drainage of the cellar. On this occasion it was half full of muddy water, and by some accident one of the ballet-girls stepped into it, and the commotion raised by the occurrence delayed the action of the piece. Tearing down came Alexander just as the girl, who was far more frightened than hurt, was extricated with no other mishap than a severe wetting and the loss of one of her shoes. Alexander stormed and raved, and wondered how the Creator could allow the breath of life to remain within the body of a person who could be such a fool as to slip into that well. A night or two after, while in roaming about under the stage to look around for ends of candles, etc., tumbled into the same pit. He yelled, and soon a crowd collected, among them the ballet-girl who had met a similar fate a night or so before. While he was still floundering about in the pit, and sputtering the dirty water from his mouth, the girl exclaimed:

"Mr. Alexander, while ye're there, will ye kindly look for my shoe?"

Alick's feelings may better be imagined than described.

THE RELIGION OF THE RUSSIAN PEASANT.

It must be admitted that the Russian people are in a certain sense religious. They go regularly to church on Sundays and holy days, cross themselves repeatedly when they pass a church or Icon, take the Holy Communion at stated seasons, rigorously abstain from animal food—not only on Wednesdays and Fridays, but also during Lent and the other long fasts—make occasional pilgrimages to holy shrines, and, in a word, fulfil punctiliously all the ceremonial observances which they suppose necessary for salvation. But here their religiousness ends. They are generally profoundly ignorant of religious doctrine, and know little or nothing of Holy Writ. The peasant, it is said, was once asked by a priest if he could name the three persons of the Trinity, and replied without a moment's hesitation: "How can one not know that, Batushka? Of course it is the Saviour, the mother of God, and Saint Nicholas, the miracle worker!" That answer represents fairly enough the theological attainments of a very large section of the peasantry. The anecdote is so well known and so often repeated that it is probably an invention, but it is not a calumny. Of theology, and of what Protestants term the "inner religious life," the Russian peasant has no conception. For him the ceremonial part of religion suffices, and he has the most unbounded, child-like confidence in the saving efficacy of the rights which he practices. If he has been baptised in infancy; has regularly observed the fasts; has annually partaken of the Holy Communion, and has just confessed and received extreme unction, he feels death approach with the most perfect tranquility. He is tormented with no doubts as to the efficacy of faith or works, and has no fears that his past life may possibly have rendered him unfit for eternal felicity. Like a man in a sinking ship, who has buckled on his life-preserver, he feels perfectly secure. With no fear for the future, and little regret for the present or the past, he awaits calmly the dread summons, and dies with a resignation which a Stoic philosopher might envy.—*From Russia. By D. Mackenzie Wallace, M. A.*

A TUNNEL through the Pyrenees will place France and Spain in railroad communication by the first of January 1878. The work has been several years in progress, and will save twelve hours of tedious diligence riding between Perpignan and Barcelona. Next year travelers will be able to travel by rail from Paris to Malaga, almost without changing cars.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

M. N. W., St. Louis.—A having assisted his partner, prevented D from going alone, and of course B could not do what D had just been deprived of the privilege of doing. As A by this "assistance" had virtually told B that he (A) had a good hand in that deal, it was but natural that B, not fearing the hands of C and D, should wish to go alone. He might never have thought of going alone, if A had not proffered "assistance," and for that reason he cannot go alone. A intimated that he would "assist," and assist he must.

H. J. C., Detroit.—The boy is an American citizen so long as the father, also a citizen by naturalization, has not formally abandoned his residence here or his allegiance to this country. The case is peculiar. The child's citizenship could well be challenged, and in determining it the motives and actions of the father while abroad would have to be taken into account. The son can forfeit his citizenship only by the father's loss of his.

B. AND W., Chicago.—1. A double-somersault has been turned, from a bar, but never standing on the earth or stage without the use of a spring-board. 2. A double-somersault has never been turned from the knees. A performer could not leap from such a position high enough in the air to enable him to make two complete revolutions before alighting. 3. Having never seen Dorr and Son perform, we cannot say.

C. S., Prophetstown.—1. Romeo the elephant died in Chicago, Ill., June 7, 1872, from some disease of its legs. 2. We have no record of the death of Pete Bannister. 3. There was an actor alleged to have been killed on the stage of the Mobile Theatre named Ewing, by his wife, whose professional name was Hamblin. She was tried and acquitted.

PACIFIC SLOPE.—1. The principals signed the articles, Abe with a cross—his mark. Frank Finley and John Ahern were the witnesses, and the stakes were $1,000 a side. 2. We do not know that Hicken had anybody except his brother Harry to assist him in his training for the match with Maguire.

BRANDY.—I need not buy a gallon-measure of brandy to win his bet. He can buy a gill or a hogshead, so long as he pays at the rate of $22.50 per gallon. The only question is, does the brandy cost him $22.50 per gallon? That is the price he pays for five bottles; but do those five bottles contain a gallon, or much more?

G. E. M., Montreal.—If you mean to copyright a play in the United States, write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., inclosing stamp for reply, and he will send you all the necessary information; if in Canada, apply for information to some public officer in your city.

DECLINED—"Awful Dutch," "The Tender Point," "Don't Get Me Tight," "Twas so Sweet and Shy," "The Leap for Life," "Uncle Dan," "In the Days of Auld Lang Syne," "Lost Treasures," "Coffee Straight," "Changed," "Ole Uncle Bill's Lesson."

R. B. K., Meadville.—A should call out on his own hand. The game is usually played in partnership, and we cannot conceive how A should know what his partner has in his unplayed cards. There may be something peculiar in the method of play.

O. B., Scrubgrass.—We presume that pinpool is meant. The first striker can either play at the red on the pool-spot, or spot his own ball on the deep-red spot. The next striker can either play at the red or spot his ball on the light-red spot.

SOME READERS, Cincinnati.—Either may be correct. There is no rule for spelling proper names. The name of the person being often misspelled, the inclosed tickets were named will decide this particular dispute. "Llewellyn" is the more common.

S. B. S., Goodlo.—"Goodle" at tenpins is a synonym for a "scratch," a "fluke," a "miscue." A ball that rolls into the gutter before striking pins, or without striking pins, is so called. 2. No. The first ball rolled by every player is lost, if it is a "Goodle." 3. Same.

J. L. P., Port Hope.—We cannot verify it readily, the dates, as far as we have gone, being incorrect. The first three races we have found, and we lost them, the first having been a walk-over. The years of the other races are not given.

E. O. X., New London.—Such a piece was not played at that theatre in the Fall of 1866. A search of seven hours has failed to find those characters in any of the surrounding years from 1867 to 1871. Endeavor to recall the name of an actor or two.

J. K., Indianapolis.—Your correspondence did not reach us in time, and we had to take other reports. We do not go by the League scoring rules, and do not give credit to pitchers for assistance in fielding out, as the assistance record is to show fielding only.

JO. ELLIOTT, Blondinsville.—Heenan and Sayers fought at Farnborough, Eng., April 17, 1860, 42 rounds being contested in 2 hours 20 minutes. Sayers was knocked down in the first round, and his arm was badly hurt, not broken, in the fifth round.

J. H., Jefferson.—We have no correspondent in your town. Treat all persons claiming to be such as imposters unless they can produce credentials as described at the heading of our Dramatic Summary.

GS., Bloomington.—1. Circus-managers only employ experienced Practice in university becomes incompetent to hold a first-class position. 2. You could not, probably, get such a situation.

ANIMAL JACK, Falmouth.—1. 2. We published an account of the accident at the time it happened. 3. Burr Robbins' Circus will travel this season, but we cannot give route at present.

STEPHEN, Albany.—1. The cards falling 8, 7, 9, 7, there is no run for the player of either 7. 2. Had the same cards fallen 7, 8, 9, 7, both players would have made a run of three.

L. D.—There is neither a right nor a wrong about it. It is played in a hundred different ways—in fact, in any way that is agreeable. It is a mongrel game, being neither pinochle nor bezique.

J. E. B., Boston.—Submit your play to one of the managers in your city. If he returns it, then take it to another. If none of them will produce it, you can make up your mind that it is worthless.

G. W. J., Morristown.—Ben Maginley is not proprietor of a circus this season. He is the equestrian-director and one of the clowns with P. T. Barnum's show, now exhibiting in this city.

CONSTANT READER, Chicago.—Massachusetts, New York and California have laws prohibiting children under the age of sixteen years from performing dangerous feats in public. Possibly other States have a similar law.

H. A. C., Hartford.—1. Yes; it so says as to what is called railroad-euchre. 2. D can withdraw his ace. He is not responsible for his opponent's misplay. 3. Booth, 44; Adams, 43; Barrett, 41. 4. Thomas.

UMPIRE, Fort McPherson.—The ball played with in all games is the trophy, no matter what other prize or stakes may be hanged for the match.

TALEQUAH, St. Louis.—The Stars of Syracuse, N. Y., defeated the Chicago White Stockings in one game in 1876 by 2 to 0.

H. W.—Consult some variety agent, and tell him what you wish to accomplish, and request him to make for you a series of such engagements.

N. B. C., Chicago.—You should apply for a charter through that member of the Legislature who represents your district. Consult him.

W. W. W., Louisville.—The bet between the three and the four is decided the action, and you win, according to that statement.

PROFESSIONAL NELLIE, Cincinnati.—Address inquiry to Adjutant-general's office, Washington, D. C. Give name of party, and inclose stamp for reply.

D. O'BRIEN, Cumminsville.—A prominent lawyer, and for many years either District-attorney or Mayor of this city.

A. E. H., Chicago.—1. Submit it to some manager in your city, or to some star playing there. 2. There is no such work published.

A. H., Boston.—We know nothing of the domestic affairs of the ladies mentioned. Watch our dramatic summary for John R. Owens' movements.

J. H. H., San Francisco.—1. Inquire at Egyptian Hall, in your city. 2. You would have to get some person to write them for you.

C. WEST.—1. You can order the book from the News Company or any bookseller in your city. 2. For the songs inquire of Roe Stephens, Detroit, Mich.

J. G., Milan.—After high, low, jack and game, the other points count as their value in the game—don first, if it is the first game; then Shamrocks, and so on down.

MISS KITTY D. C.—1. He was in Boston at last accounts, unmarried. 2. They are not the same, nor are those names their proper ones.

JOSEPH ROSE.—Jimmy Shaw's dog Jacko killed 1,000 rats in less than 100 consecutive minutes, May 1, 1862, in England.

T. F. S.—1. The player loses. 2. "Eight and nine are seventeen" as certainly as that "one and one" is not "two."

H. C. N., Springfield.—The Redpath Lyceum Bureau, Boston, Mass., and the American Literary Bureau, Cooper Institute, New York.

SPITFIRE, Washington.—E. G. Browne is traveling with Tony Pastor's Troupe this season. Watch our variety summary.

C. M., Washington.—Assuredly, we would not do for you what you are unwilling to do for yourself above your own signature.

C. W.—That is a question for President Hayes or Governor Hampton to determine. The President does a great many things that the public know not of.

CASSINO, Haverhill.—If he has the cards to do so, A can make a pile or build on C's, not being obliged to take in his own pile at once.

CITY STATION, Milwaukee.—1. The Westfield exploded her boiler on July 30, 1871. 2. Heenan was in business in this city at that time.

Rod, J. S., Du Quoin.—1. In this case B's sancho won the game as soon as it was taken in. 2. High, low, jack, game, sancho, pedro.

GEDIS, Welland.—Inauguration day has necessarily to come on Sunday once in every twenty-eight years. It so fell in 1821, in 1849, and 1877.

D. D. D., Wheeling.—The loser can refuse to deal. He may want the bed. Either party can insist upon cutting for it.

A. S. J.—A and B are out. C and D's honors would have put them out, had they called them before a trick was won.

C. R., Baltimore.—We have no advice to offer as to lotteries. Those who invest in them "must take the chances."

KINGSTON AND CARSON, Boston.—1. Sam Hurst never fought Bob Brettle. 2. Jim Mace beat Bob Travers Feb. 21, 22, 1860, the police interfering on the first day.

T. S., New Orleans.—The yellow fever epidemic of New Orleans, La., March 22, 1860. His leg was amputated April 10 following, and he died early on the morning of the 23d.

ACTOR, Chicago.—We have no record of the divorce of Fanny and Dave Young, nor can we state the cause for which such divorce was granted.

R. W., Brant.—There are two ways of looking at it; and, from one standpoint, the man goes around the circle includes the lesser." From another standpoint "the greater circle includes the lesser."

J. A. S., Salem.—Twenty in balls should be taken out before No. 2 shoots, if it was designed that the odds should be given in balls.

EVERETT HOUSE, Boston.—The higher euchre-card, which is Jack.

READER.—The shot counts, and the striker plays from the "string."

SID, Parker City.—You must take it. James reciprocates.

E. C. S., Mineola.—There is no such paper, but Appleton & Co., New York, publish a railroad guide.

G. H., Pittsburg.—Two jacks and three fives count twenty-two.

DR. E. A. P., Boston.—3 counts for high and for game (as being the non-pitcher), and 4 "goes up" two.

AUTHOR, Minonk.—1. We never heard of a play of that name. 2. There is no such book published.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—A letter addressed to her, using her professional name, in care of this office, will reach her.

WHIST, Boston.—Our time is too valuable to waste it in solving card problems.

MARENE, Nashville.—That one of the tieing players who is nearest the dealer on the latter's left.

T. F. W., Wilmington.—He died of consumption, we think.

RICHARD PARLE, Philadelphia.—Tom Sayers was born at Pimlico, Brighton, Eng., in May, 1826.

NEWARK.—You can find the information in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

SUBSCRIBER, Terre Haute.—Mike McCoole defeated Aaron Jones at Busenbark's Station, O., Aug. 31, 1867.

C. H. B., Buffalo.—It's all right. The gentleman named returned card to you.

A. A. R., St. John.—Address a letter to him (Samuel Clemens), Hartford, Ct.

J. R. M., Bay City.—1. It is impossible to state at present. The Health Lift Company, this city, can supply you.

E. G., Youngstown.—Shannon, Miller & Crane, as per their advertisement, can supply you.

J. W. P., Lowellville.—Lotta was born in this city Nov. 7, 1847.

H. K., Hartford.—Edwin Booth never acted Sir John Falstaff.

R. F. A., Chicago.—It may be either a stroke or a foul, depending upon exactly how it was done.

H. T. F., Chicago.—On that statement of facts you are entitled to your money back.

AGATHA.—I. Seek an engagement to play general utility. 2. Lemon-juice is good for clear the complexion.

GEN. F. E., Chicago.—James Robinson, bareback equestrian, was born in 1835.

DR FORREST.—*The Glasgow Herald* is a penny weekly paper.

PATK.—The money sent April 10 will extend your subscription to No. 14, Vol. 22.

E. F. H., New Haven.—Condense your items, and send routes.

D. E. E. AND H. W. C., Augusta.—The two prizes belong to the two who threw 43.

L. S.—Seventh street from Avenue A to B is much the longer.

CAPTAIN P., Oswego.—Broadway in that length runs north by east.

SOUTHERN FRIEND.—*Poultry Fanciers' Journal*, Hartford, Ct.

T. D. G., Philadelphia.—Of Samuel French & Son, 122 Nassau street, this city.

ERNEST CLIFTON, Boston.—There is no game out.

A. C. B.—B cannot count what A undercalls.

V. N., Louisville.—Low game after high jack.

GOODIE.—The three-time and a pair win.

S. G. W., Chicago.—We know not of such.

J. H. H. AND [illegible] wins.

E. B., St. Louis.—Your clerk is right.

J. K., Williamsburg.—It is not a city.

R. P. J., Georgetown.—1. Yes. 2. No

BURTON, Newark.—We cannot say.

C. H. M.—Your friend should pay.

READER, Lebanon.—It is a draw.

N. J. W.—The three aces win.

J. F. B., Boston.—A was out.

SAUCUS.—Sporting items, brief and fresh, will be thankfully received.

ZOE.—D. O'Leary never attempted to walk 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours.

T. W. H., Guelph.—Heenan and Sayers fought April 17, 1860.

H. MEYER.—R. P. Weston was born in Providence, R. I., March 15, 1839.

RYAN COHEN, Bremond.—Capt. Barclay walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours—one mile only in each and every hour.

L. S., Trenton.—William McLean, who can be addressed in care of Arthur Chambers, 922 Ridge Avenue.

SMACONBEACH.—Apply to W. C. Coup, at the Aquarium.

O. K., Los Angeles.—It is not published in book-form.

M. AND E., Detroit.—K will lose if he refuses to weigh.

GOLDIE, Rochester.—Sixty cents for each insertion.

R. J. D., Brooklyn.—Liverpool, Eng., is not a city.

FREEZE-OUT, Minneapolis.—No; the play is ended.

JAMES E. OWENS.—The songs cannot be obtained.

G. F. F., Indianapolis.—See dramatic summary.

J. E. H., Buffalo.—Please send us your address.

MARCO, Petersburg.—It is a very dark brown.

ROBT. MCKAY.—No charge.

SUN, Vincennes.—B wins.

L. H., Quincy.—A wins.

THAT WESTERN CONGREGATION which requested its pastor to resign because the latter was "fond of fast horses" offers a striking illustration of what the green-eyed monster jealousy will do, even among the elect. Two or three of the deacons, who happened to own lively-stepping animals themselves, found it exceedingly annoying to be passed on the road by the clergyman; and so they notified him that they would be obliged to dispense with his services unless he could dispense with his trotters. We prefer, at all events, to put this construction on the case rather than believe that the brethren were so narrow-minded as to dismiss a minister simply because he preferred a good horse to a bad one. Certainly no creed would sustain such a course as that. Driving is a wholesome and healthful recreation, which ought to be enjoyed by everybody who can afford it. It is as innocent as walking, and considerably pleasanter. And, if a minister is to be called to account because of his fondness for "fast" horses, it will eventually become a vexed question as to what is meant by "fast." The Rev. Mr. A., for example, may sit behind a three-minute trotter, and be wholly content; while the Rev. Mr. B. may crave the more exhilarating motion of a two-twenty gait. Will the brethren permit the Rev. Mr. A. to continue his drives unmolested, and at the same time compel the Rev. Mr. B. to relinquish the reins? Obviously this would be unjust. Yet there would have to be a line drawn somewhere; and it might happen that the man who drove the slower horse would also preach the slower sermons. This opens up a fruitful field of reflection for the churches which object to "fast" horses.

GUESTS AT HOTELS are generally indolent, and inclined to take things easy; but a change was manifested last week, after the news of the burning of the Southern Hotel at St. Louis reached here; and regular boarders as well as transient people could be seen hunting up the stairways and trap-doors and fire-escapes and things of similar usefulness; and they seemed to feel a greater interest in the conduct of hotels, and were very particular as to how many watchmen were on duty, and whether they could be relied on in cases of emergency, etc. These guests were not at all timid, or nervous, or anything like that, but they seemed to feel deeply the situation of the employes, and hoped that nothing would happen to them way up on the top floor; and then these kind, sympathetic souls "went in on the ground floor!"

THE PRESENT DRAMATIC SEASON must have demonstrated to the satisfaction of all intelligent managers that a variety show can be made successful without being made indelicate or indecent. Such places as the Comique, Mr. Pastor's, Col. Sinn's Brooklyn Park, and others which we might mention have done a paying business in spite of the hard times; and these houses, let it be said to their honor, have presented clean and wholesome entertainments. They have appealed to the best elements in society, and they have not appealed in vain. That the standard of the variety stage has been elevated is something which we regard as one of the hopeful signs of the times. To the managers who have been instrumental in bringing about this result no little credit is due.

WE WERE GREATLY ALARMED last week when the cable informed us that ruthless marauders had again assaulted one of us in Rome on the 10th inst., the alleged victim being John Walter of *The London Times*. Our mourning has since been turned into joy by later intelligence that it was not the *editor* who was assaulted, but his brother, *Captain* Walter. Were editors to carry their shears with them, we should no longer be subject to the attacks of unscrupulous midnight assassins. It would be sheer madness to assault a man thus armed.

THAT OLD AMERICAN JOKE about the eleven obstinate jurymen has just come out in *The London Punch* as original, and the best part of the joke is that American papers are copying it! Why, it originated in this country twenty odd years ago.

HEADS OF FAMILIES will be pleased to learn that baseball is ripe and almost ready for picking. Already our friends in the Southern confines have enjoyed the first of the season, and the good people of the North are anxiously awaiting the game.

SCENE AT THE TOMBS.—*Judge:* "It's my conviction that you are a scoundrel." *Prisoner:* "It's your conviction that makes me one."

A "STUFFED CLUB"—Any of 'em after dinner! That reminds us that many people are *after dinner*, and can't get it!

A RAILROAD TRAVELER thinks that there ought to be *civil conductors* as well as "civil engineers!"

"PATIENTS and long-suffering" would be a comical old motto for quack-doctors, wouldn't it?

AS MAY-DAY is coming, you will find it handy to have *rents in your garments* when the landlord calls!

WHATEVER ELSE may be said of the blue-glass mania, it has been *pleasant on Pleasanton*.

MOTTO for a dishonest laundress: Iron and steal.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

***On April 9: David Winfield, a farmer, cut his throat at Shawangunk, N. Y.....A full-grown skeleton was reported to have been exhumed at Athens, N. Y., on the 7th.....The business men of New Orleans, La., refused to assent to the Evarts compromise plan.....The question of removing the State Capitol from Albany to New York was presented in the State Senate in a joint resolution.....The coal companies of this city agreed to an advance of 50 cents per ton June 1.....Property valued at $10,000 was damaged by storm and flood at Norfolk, Va.....James McLaughlin was murdered by himself with a suspender at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....A railroad bridge near Malvern, O., gave way, precipitating an engine into a creek, and killing Engineer James Sharp.....Nine more lady-physicians graduated from the New York Medical College, making in all 103 who have taken their degrees.....The "grand circle" that "the greater circle includes the lesser" reported to have been found in the woods near Frederick City, Md. Suspicion points to Edward Costley, a cousin, as the murderer.....George Root, a watchman, was stated to have perished in the flames which destroyed a powder-mill at Charlottesburg, N. J.....Fires: The American Knife Works, at Northfield, Ct.—loss $40,000, insured for $20,200; Richard Merrick's cooper shop and Dimon & Co.'s stables, this city—loss $5,000; the Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Hotel—loss $11,000, insured for $5,000; Jas. A. Barstow's three houses, at Atlantic City, N. J.

***April 10: The United States troops were withdrawn from the State House at Columbia, S. C., and D. H. Chamberlain issued a proclamation saying that he gave up the fight for the Governorship in the interests of peace.....At New Orleans Gov. Packard said he would agree to such compromise as may meet the approval of the President.....The executions by Sheriff Campbell, announced to be hanged at Wilkesbarre, Pa., to-day, was stayed by a Supreme-court writ.....The French steamer L'Amerique, which went ashore Jan. 7 at Seabright, N. J., was floated without apparent damage and towed to Brooklyn, N. Y.....Hiram Arbuckle of East Montpelier, Vt., murdered Geo. Bancroft, dangerously shot Geo. Short, and then committed suicide.....Woolley, the fratricide of Bellow's Falls, Vt., was sentenced to imprisonment for life.....President Hayes authorized the use of $904,000 for harbor and river improvements.....A man supposed to be D. Loyd was killed on the railroad at Naponee, Ont.....Henry Cooper, the man who was with Lucy Freeman the night she was fatally burned in this city, was arrested. He says her dress took fire from a lighted piece of paper which he threw into a spittoon.....Fires: A dwelling and outhouses on the farm of the late Wm. Downes, at Wilmington, Del.; Willis & Shock's boiler-shop, two houses and twelve stables, at Lewistown, Pa.—loss $25,000; Rogers & Co.'s steam sawmill, at Asbury Park, N. J.—loss $20,000, insurance $5,000; Cook, Judge and Keays' dwellings, at Lucan, Ont.—loss $10,000; Spofford's steam planing-mill, at Danville, N. H.—loss $8,000.....A confidence-man giving the name of G. W. Thompson attempted to commit suicide in a police-station at St. Louis, Mo.....Bartel Fallster, a sailor, was killed in Brooklyn, N. Y., falling from the bark Altenstein to the wharf.

***April 11: The Southern Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., was destroyed by fire. Rev. A. R. Adams, G. F. Gourlay, Misses Kate Reilly, Kate Doolan and Mary Moran, Mrs. Stewart, Henry Hargen, A. E. Istman, C. G. Teenan, L. Hayden and W. T. Manser were known to have perished in the flames, and a number of others were supposed to have been lost.....Wade Hampton was installed as Governor of South Carolina.....Edward Leyer, sentenced to life-imprisonment, died in his cell, at Evansville, Ind. His wife is supposed to have furnished him with poison.....Prince Bismarck was reported to have obtained leave of absence until August next.....Fires: The Hudson River Pulp and Paper Mills, at Palmer Falls, N. Y.—loss $140,000, insurance $75,000; the Eagle Paper Mills, Suffield, Ct.—loss heavy.....Gov. Phelps of Missouri commuted the death-sentences of Frank Brown and John Lawrence of Buchanan County to imprisonment for life.....Fred Rumpf was fatally injured on the railroad near Newark, N. J.....John Zinley, the engineer, and J. Hanstader, a passenger, were killed by the explosion of a locomotive at Madison, Ind.

***April 12: The Jewett inquest in this city was concluded, the jury finding that George W. Jewett's death was caused by the explosion of a hand-grenade carried to the office by O. D. Jewett, and that the latter committed suicide by shooting.....The Centennial Board of Finance of Philadelphia received not to apply to the Government for the restitution of the $1,500,000, but to make the payments at the earliest periods possible.....Theodore Huxell of this city drowned himself by jumping from a ferryboat.....At New Haven, Ct., Patrick Fitzpatrick, tried for the murder of John Bassett, was acquitted on the ground of self-defense.....Constable Simpson of Florence, Neb., in trying to quell a disturbance, fatally shot a man named Davis.....Isaac N. Orr, the boy who shot his father at Bowdoin, Me., was convicted of manslaughter.....Fires: Over three hundred houses in Constantinople, Turkey; S. Bachman's Hamilton Mill, at Paterson, N. J.—loss nearly $100,000, partially insured; twenty-five stores, dwellings, &c., at Gananoque, Ont.—loss $100,000, partly insured; Herts & Sons' auction-house, in this city—loss $25,000; Henderson's Hotel, etc., at Rosemont, Ont.—loss $10,000.....Richard Horton was killed on the railroad at Elmira, N. Y.....While attempting to break jail, Henry Seymour was shot and mortally wounded at Memphis, Tenn.....John Hare and a man named Mann were burned to death at Rosemont, Ont.....Jno. Thos. Pemberton, a railroad engineer, was killed while coupling cars at Troy, N. Y.....The band of Internationalists operating in the district of Selino, Italy, were reported to have been captured.....Chas. H. Gilman, a sewing-machine agent, was stated to have been murdered on the 11th at Rockport, Mass. Wm. Williams was arrested for the crime.

***April 13: Hon. John Morrissey's New York City Election Bill passed the Senate.....The Cabinet again discussed the Louisiana question, and sent fresh suggestions to the Commission.....Cable news: A grand council of war was held in St. Petersburg, Russia, with a view to planning the invasion of Turkey. Troops on furlough were ordered to rejoin their regiments, and the Emperor announced that he would leave for the South April 24. The Porte rejected the Montenegrin demands and refused to renew the armistice. A secret alliance was declared to exist between Russia and Persia. The Turkish Charge d'Affaires at Berlin was asserted to have telegraphed Safvet Pasha that Prince Bismarck advised Turkey to resist Russia's demands.....At Sandwich, Ont., Austin Humphreys was sentenced to be hanged May 22 for the murder of Frederick Appel.....Patrick O'Donnell of Mauch Chunk, Pa., was convicted of the murder of Morgan Powell.....B. F. Henderson, James H. Monk, Michael Sweeney, David Robbins, Mike Donnellame, Thos. McDonald and Samuel S. Leeman were reported to have been killed by the caving-in of a mine at Smartsville, Cal.....Fires: Bell & Son's foundry and machine shop, at St. George, Ont.—loss $135,000; J. Norwood & Co.'s paint and oil store, Jacob T. Schoonmaker's grocery, and Simon's shoe-store, in Kingston, N. Y.—loss $32,000, insured for $14,000; Richard K. Brickett's residence, at Hampstead, N. H.—loss, $5,000, insurance $2,000; John M. Bradshaw's carpet-mill, at Barre Falls, Mass.—insured for $8,000.....Charles Cleveland, residing at Dover, N. S., was said to have murdered his wife and then killed himself on the 12th.....Sellen L. Makepeace, of Taunton, Mass., was fined $50 for engaging in a duel at St. Louis, Mo. Neither was injured, the seconds having loaded the weapons with blank-cartridges.....The body of Michael Whalen was found in the river at this port.

***April 14: The steamship Leo, from Savannah, Ga., for Nassau, N. P., was reported to have been burned on the 13th, eight miles south of Tybee, three passengers and a number of the crew being announced as lost.....At Altoona, Pa., Wm. Harkins fatally stabbed J. G. Knepp, inflicted serious injuries on John Courtney, and was himself shot and mortally wounded by a man named Whipple, whom he was pursuing.....At Boston, Mass., James H. Jones held in $10,000 bonds, charged with enticing away Miss Mary E. Harrington, who is believed to be dead.....At Lebanon, Pa., Mrs. Sidney Miller and John Wittner, arrested on suspicion of having murdered J. T. Miller, were discharged. E. D. Rissler being held.....A man named Potter was reported to have killed his wife and then took his own life, at Geneva, O.....Fires: Butler's furniture-factory and H. J. Coleman's sash-factory, at Cumberland, Md.—loss $55,000, insurance $19,000; Cole & Dow's drygoods house, at Little Rock, Ark.—loss $30,000, insured; the American Cask Company's Works, at Milford, Del.—loss $30,000, insured for $15,000; the Brighton House, at Dorking, Ont.—loss $10,000, insurance $7,000; the Iron Mountain House, at Jackson, N. H.—loss $10,000, insurance $7,000.

***April 15: Morris Taylor shot and mortally wounded Andrew Grier in Philadelphia.....Henry C. Shales, a printer, committed suicide by shooting in this city.....Morton Grey was killed on the railroad in Jersey City.....George Barmann Jr., a merchant, killed himself at Chillicothe, O.....Jack Pleasants, colored, was stated to have been sentenced April 13, in Dinwiddie County, Va., to be hanged June 8 for the murder of Ann Sundy.....War between Russia and Turkey was considered inevitable, and both powers were actively preparing.

***April 16: Great excitement was created in Philadelphia by an assault upon Col. A. K. McClure by Nathaniel McKay, a navy contractor, and a man named Curtis. The assault was committed on Chestnut street, and the assailants were arrested, and upon examination placed under $500 bail each.....John Kehoe was sentenced at Pottsville, Pa., to be hanged for the murder of F. W. S. Langdon.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ARCHIBALD, Peter S.—Son of the late Judge Archibald of Nova Scotia, and brother of the British Consul at this port—Truro, N. S., April 8.

ADAMS, Rev. Alvah—Vicar of Leighton, Eng.—Killed at Southern Hotel fire—St. Louis, April 11.

ACKER, Samuel S.—An old member of the Tammany Society, this city—here, April 11, aged 58.

BURLISON, Lieut. S. J.—Of the Cleveland (O.) police—there, April 10.

BURFORD, Miles W.—A prominent resident of Independence, Mo., and Indianapolis, Ind. He was born in Kentucky in February, 1806. His son Elisha S. is rector of Calvary Church, New Orleans—Indianapolis, about April 18.

BROWN, Hon. Stayley—Provincial Treasurer of Nova Scotia. He had been a member of the Legislative Council for thirty-four years—Nova Scotia, April 14.

BOILEY, Judge W. S.—Of the Louisville, Ky., bar—there, April 9.

BAYARD, Charlotte H.—Daughter of Dr. William Bayard of West Farms, N. Y.—this city, April 14.

BEEBE, Dr. Gaylord D.—President of the Hahnemann School of Pharmacy, Chicago. Born at Palmyra, N. Y., May 28, 1818—Chicago, April 12.

BIRTLE, Col. J. B.—Commanded the Ninth Tennessee Cavalry, Confederate Army—Tennessee, about April 10.

CLAYTON, Paul—Since May 13, 1874, U. S. Consul at Callao, Peru. He was a native of Georgia—Callao, March 22.

CALLAWAY, Rev. Charles M.—Well-known Episcopal clergyman. Born in Bedford County, Va., in 1826. He was one of the pioneer missionaries to Kansas—Wilmington, Del., April 11, aged 50.

CARROLL, Henry—An old resident of Baltimore County, Md.—there, April 7, aged 80.

CLARK, Hiram H.—Son of the late Governor Clark of Maryland. Killed by a sheriff's posse who were dispossessing him—Madison, Mo., April 6, aged about 65.

COOK, Wm.—Wealthy and respected farmer of New Richmond, O. Killed by a runaway cattle-team—there, April 10.

DE GONZAGA, Sister Mary, Fredicor A., daughter of Frederick Thileman, an old and well-known resident of Ward of this city. She was known among her schoolmates as "Ricor" Thileman, and at one time was at the head of a house of her Order in Brooklyn. Her elder sister, Lizzie, also became a Sister of Mercy—Convent of Mercy, Worcester, Mass., April 12, aged about 29.

DOUGHERTY, Jno. Francis—Pioneer of Ann Arbor, Mich.—there, April 9, aged 79.

DE FOREST, Mary Abernethy—Wife of Dr. William B. De Forest of New Haven, Ct.—this city, April 13.

EINSTMAN, Adolph—Of the firm of Teichman & Co., St. Louis. Killed at the Southern Hotel fire—April 11, aged 32.

FOSTER, Joseph C.—Theatrical manager. See "Napoleon Foster" on an outside page—this city, April 9, aged 72.

FOOTER, Edmund—Pay-inspector U. S. N. He was born in New York, and on Oct. 23, 1861, was appointed assistant-paymaster, being promoted to the full rank in 1862—at sea, on board U. S. steamer Trenton, April 11.

FOLTZ, Jonathan M.—Surgeon U. S. Navy, on the retired list. He was a native of Pennsylvania, but entered the service from Maryland in 1831, and served under Farragut on the Mississippi—Philadelphia, April 12.

GRUNEBAUM, Marks—Well-known merchant of Baltimore, Md., to which city he had removed from Hesse, Germany, in 1845—Baltimore, April 9, aged 48.

GALLAGHER, Mrs. Dominick—Mother of M. J. Gallagher, formerly of *The Tribune* and *The Times* of Chicago, and now of *The Times* of this city—Chicago, April 11, aged about 80.

GOULEY, George Frank—Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Missouri Masons. Killed at the Southern Hotel fire—St. Louis, Mo., April 11.

GRAHAM, Mrs. Catherine—Had lived in Salem township, Mich., for forty-six years—there, April 9, aged 72.

HEALEY, Bridget E.—Widow of James Healey, Assemblyman from this city—here, April 13, aged 34.

HAGEMAN, Carrie Louise—Wife of Rev. S. Miller Hageman—Brooklyn, N. Y., April 14.

HYDEN, Rev. ——His last pastorate was in the town of Phœnix, Ct., and of late he was without a parish. He was a stockholder in the Leggett Manufacturing Co. of Elizabeth, N. J. Run over by an express-train—Elizabeth, N. J., April 13.

HAZEN, Henry—Auditor of Missouri Pacific Railroad. Killed at Southern Hotel fire—St. Louis, April 11, aged 34.

HUTCHINSON, Dr. N. Gerard—Son of ex-Commissioner Joseph C. Hutchinson, and a native of Missouri—Brooklyn, N. Y., April 10.

HALLIDAY, Andrew—Dramatist. See "Amusement Annals" on an outside page—London, Eng., April 20, aged 47.

HACKETT, Prof. James H.—President of Frederick (Md.) Female Seminary—there, April 15, aged 60.

IGLEHART, N. P.—Born in Maryland, and in 1850-1 settled in Chicago. He founded Brighton, Ill., and discovered the Pewaukee Mineral Springs—near Chicago, April 10, aged 67.

JOHNSON, Capt. Samuel—The oldest citizen of Cedar Rapids, Ia., where he died on April 5. His father was once Lord-mayor of Dublin, Ireland.

JORDAN, Dr. Charles A.—Died while undergoing a surgical operation. He was under the influence of chloroform—Memphis, Tenn., April 7.

KING, Samuel A.—Influential citizen of Comstock, Nev.—there, April 10, aged 72.

KISSAM, William, Aymar—Son of Dr. Daniel E. Kissam of Brooklyn, L. I.—Huntington, L. I., April 12, aged 31.

KEENEY, Mrs. J. F.—Well known as a resident of Rochester, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., and Evanton, Ill.—last-mentioned place, April 10.

KELLINGER, Samuel—Well-known publican in this city. For many years past he had kept the Monument House, in Union square—April 12.

LOVEZ, Capt. P. M.—A nephew of Gen. Narciso Lopez, whom he accompanied to Cuba in 1851. Lopez was executed, and Lovez was sent to the penal settlement of Ceuta. Since his release he had resided in this city, in Mexico, in Texas, and in New Orleans, where he died on April 10.

MCCULLOCH, Mrs.—Well-known resident of Bellefontaine, O.—there, April 11.

MARVIN, Commodore Joseph D.—Born in Ohio, from which State he entered the navy in 1855—Yokohama, Japan, April 10.

MEAD, Hon. Jacob—Member of the N. Y. Legislature in 1867—Mount Morris, N. Y., April 14.

MUNSTER, Hon. William Feilx Austin—Of Brighton, Sussex, Eng., and three months ago married Miss Blanche, daughter of Dr. H. C. Lynch of St. Louis. Unnerved by the Southern Hotel fire, from which he and his wife had been rescued with much difficulty, and on the following morning was killed, either accidentally or by design, while handling a friend's pistol—St. Louis, April 12.

OWEN, Elias K.—Commander U. S. Navy, but on retired list—Kaskaskia, Ill., April 8.

O'DONNEL, Connel—An eccentric who was known as "The Edgefield Bard"—Edgefield, Tenn., April 17, aged 63.

PERRY, Charles W.—Son of Hon. John D. Perry, late president of the Kansas Pacific Railroad. Kicked by a vicious stallion—near Larkspur, Col., April 11.

SEELEY, Mrs. Nathan—Youngest daughter of Phineas T. Barnum—this city, April 11.

SAPORTAS, Ernest—Late Consul of the Netherlands at Havana, Cuba—this city, April 13, aged 52.

STEWART, Mrs. Jennie—Wife of Will S. Stewart, of St. Louis, Mo. She belonged to Syracuse, N. Y. Killed at the Southern Hotel fire—St. Louis, Mo., April 11, aged 36.

STAADEN, Nicholas—An alleged incendiary who in Chicago was called "The Fire-bug." Found dead in a bath, either from apoplexy or suicide, April 10, in Chicago. His son-in-law, Charles C. Rosenburg, committed suicide in the same city on the same night.

SABINE, Lorenzo—Author of several books, member of the Thirty-second Congress, formerly member of the Maine Legislature, and at one time confidential agent of the U. S. Treasury Department. He was a native of New Hampshire—Boston, April 14, aged 74.

TIENAN, Charles G.—One of the heroes of the Southern Hotel fire. Killed while rescuing others—St. Louis, Mo., April 11, aged 41.

WOOD, William—Founder of the publishing-house of Wood & Son, this city—here, April 9.

WEISEL, Rev. J. C.—Pastor of the Lutheran Church of St. John, Brooklyn, E. D., where he died on April 14, aged 64. He was a native of Baden, Germany.

WELLS, James—A noted poultry-fancier—Bloomington, Ill., April 12.

WHITEHEAD, Capt. William B.—Had served in the Florida, Mexican and Rebellion Wars—Atlanta, Ga., April 8.

WANE, Ross—A Maryland millionaire and mechanician, who since 1829, had made many improvements in railroad locomotives, and had aimed to increase the speed of steamboats. As a builder of locomotives he began in 1834 in Baltimore. He was born in Sussex County, N. J., in 1796. He entertained peculiar notions of theology, and embodied his views in a book called "One Religion, Many Creeds"—Baltimore, April 11, aged 80.

THE TURF.

RACING IN LOUISIANA.

The attendance on the second day of the race meeting of the Louisiana Jockey Club at New Orleans, on Tuesday, April 10, was large. The opening race was a dash of three-quarters of a mile, for all ages, for the club purse of $200 for the winner, $30 for the second horse, and $20 for the third. The winner turned up Jack Hardy, who took the lead at the start, made the running throughout, and won very easily by three lengths in 1:18¾. His opponents were Redman (second), Maria Barnes (third), John Camp

THE RING.

PROF. OTTIGNON'S TESTIMONIAL.

The popularity of the old-time but still active and clever instructor in the useful art of self-defense, Charles F. Ottignon, was attested by a crowd which nearly filled Kelly & Leon's Minstrel Hall, this city, on Monday evening, April 9; and as the tariff was steep—$1.50 and $1—it will be seen that the receipts fell but little if any short of those accruing from his former entertainment at Tammany Hall. The show itself was more prolific of interesting assaults at arms than any other which has been given for a long time, and, had time permitted, the programme might have been materially lengthened, as there was no lack of "talent" on hand and ready to "go on" for the benefit of the quondam glovical opponent of Charley Freeman (the American giant). John C. Heenan, and other prominent members of the boxing brotherhood of the past. With all this array of fistic lights and shadows, however, a most provoking and patience-taxing delay occurred in setting the ball in motion, it being well on to nine o'clock before Sam Davis (who on this occasion stepped into the shoes generally worn by William Tovee) introduced the first duo—Johnny Saunders and Johnny Reilly. This staunch-built couple gave a pretty but harmless exhibition, and retired to make room for Young Gould and Driscoll, the latter having all the worst of the meet, while Gould showed to greater advantage than usual. They were succeeded by Warry Edwards and Johnny Lazarus, the performance of the latter giving evidence of rustiness resulting from want of practice, combined with the disadvantages arising from a tendency to obesity. It was a rather amusing set-to, but that is about all that can be said of it. By way of variety, Mr. Senac and Dr. Deseat then stepped before the footlights and engaged in a fencing bout with foils, at which exercise Senac demonstrated his superiority most conclusively. Upon the retirement of the Frenchmen, Jordan and Mack, both unknown to fame, and having much to learn, had a laughable bout with the mittens, and gave way to Collins and Stack, the former possessing the advantages of height and weight, but Stack (who has a very good right hand, and is quick in using it) understands his business better. The meet gave much satisfaction. Jack Turner and "Harry Poulson" were the sixth pair, and a very lively time they had of it, Poulson showing more skill, but receiving the harder punches. The wind-up between them was a regular slogging affair, topped off with good-natured tapping.

Two young gymnasts named La Rue and Kenyon here went through the perche act in a neat and clever manner, and were followed by Prof. Ottignon and a well-known amateur boxer and member of the New York Athletic Club, the display being greatly enjoyed by the admirers of scientific sparring, who were particularly pleased with the Professor's admirable stopping. His tall and powerful opponent kept tally within him in fine style, too, neither man getting in a single square blow until near the finish of the second round, Johnny Cash and Arthur Mullen of Brooklyn now put on the buckskins, and a long spell of sparring was brought to an end by a series of sharp exchanges, both men exhibiting considerable feeling. The two rounds which followed were of like sort, save that the men got together quicker, and gave and received more stinging hits, the Brooklynite (whose coolness was in marked contrast to the nervousness and excitement betrayed by Cash) having the better of the finish. Cash had to be forced off the stage, protesting as he went that Mullen had come to fight, and he would satisfy him. The greatest excitement prevailed in the house, the spectators yelling like mad, demanding that the set-to continue, and refusing for some time to be quieted or comforted. Doubtless these lads will strike hands ere long again; but, unless Cash can keep his head, he cannot hope to obtain the upper-hand of the cool, clever member from the City of Churches.

"Professor" Macgregor and an amateur, who was announced as "one of Wm. McClellan's pupils" (pretty severe on Mac, that), next appeared, the style of the scientifically-developed amateur's get-up setting the house in a roar. The set-to itself rather added to this merriment, owing to the lack of scientific knowledge displayed by each, and their frantic endeavors to annihilate one another. De Turck and Fredericks then fenced with broadswords, and they in turn gave place to Bill Mc-Clelland and John Leary, who made a good, even set-to. Steve Taylor and William Miller were now seen together; but there was nothing out of the ordinary run in the meet, Taylor doing the cleaner hitting and landing 'em the oftener, though, in consequence of Miller holding his guard so high, Steve found it advisable to aim for the body more frequently than is his wont. Prof. Ottignon and Johnny Dwyer now brought the show to an end with a highly enjoyable passage-at-arms, which reflected great credit on both men, and proved that, while Ottignon still retains all his old skill, the Brooklyn pet has, by practice with the Professor and other capable teachers, improved not a little.

A FIGHT STOPPED.—Tom Dwyer and Cappy Lynch, young fellows residing in the upper part of this city, having had a disagreement, concluded to settle it by an appeal to muscular force. They accordingly met on the dumping-grounds at the foot of West Fifty-ninth street, shortly after nine o'clock P. M. April 10, and were quickly at it; but, after they had fought two rounds, Capt. Ward and his squad of ununiformed police, who had mingled with the crowd, made their presence known and put a stop to it. Resistance was offered by some of the spectators, and clubs, stones and other weapons were made do duty for a while, but nobody was seriously hurt. Lynch escaped, but Dwyer and thirteen others were arrested, locked up, and on the following morning held for trial, Dwyer's bail being fixed at $1,000.

LARRY POWERS of Chicago, Ill., is announced to take a benefit at Harry Hill's on Thursday afternoon, May 3, when an entertainment consisting of sparring, wrestling, etc., will be enjoyed by those who choose to put out a dollar.

WE HAVE LETTERS for "Billy" Edwards, "Johnny" Aaron, Prof. Wm. Miller (3), and "Jim" Taylor the "Western light-weight."

AQUATIC.

PLAISTED TO ALL NEW ENGLAND.—For several weeks past rumors have been circulating in rowing circles here and to the Eastward to the effect that it was the intention of Fred A. Plaisted, the tall and skillful sculler of Gotham, to pay a visit to Maine this year, as he has done in the past. That there was good foundation for these rumors was proven last week by the placing in our hands, on behalf of Plaisted, of a check for $250, to be used as deposit in a match for double that amount a side, with any oarsman in New England; said match to be one of two or three miles, with a turn, and being allowed for expenses to the contestant going from home waters to row. This offer will remain open until May 1; but it is reasonable to suppose that before said date we may receive from among the many scullers of the section named will come to terms with Fred, and arrange a match which will open the boating season east of the Alleghanies in an appropriate manner.

FASTEST OCEAN PASSAGE.—The steamer Germanic of the White Star Line arrived at Sandy Hook on Friday, April 13, after an alleged passage of 7 days 11 hours and 37 minutes, from Queenstown, Ireland, the customary addition of 5 hours 22 minutes for difference in time between the two points being included in this computation. We have not received official information regarding the matter; but, though the figures above given may not be exactly correct, we do not doubt that the Germanic has beaten the fastest previous ocean passage, east or west—7 days 12 hours 46 minutes, made by the Britannic, leaving New York Dec. 6, and arriving at Queenstown, Dec. 24, 1876. We shall be able to speak "by the log" in our next issue.

LAKEMAN BOAT CLUB REGATTA.—As usual, the Lakeman Club of Mortlake, Boston, Mass., held their annual regatta on Fast-day, April 12. The water was considerably cut up by a strong northeast wind, which necessitated a postponement of the double and single scull races but the four-oared boats came off, with six crews. The victorious four were J. C. McElaney (bow), J. Kelvey, A. Werner, M. Rider (stroke); M. Higgins (bow), J. Burns, J. Fitzgerald, O'Neil (stroke), second. The boat R. Rice was third; John E. Fitzgerald, fourth; E. Dowd, fifth; and Willie Ruddick, sixth. Judges—J. L. Quigley, D. Gillespie and John B. Ahern; referees—John Gallagher and M. McConoghgue.

QUAKER CITY YACHT CLUB.—At a meeting of this Philadelphia club, held April 12, the following officers were chosen: Commodore, Chas. F. Austin; vice-commodore, A. F. Randell; rear-commodore, John Mintz; president, H. B. Boyd; secretary, C. S. Salin; treasurer, Robert Baird; assistant secretary, J. J. Baughman; measurer, S. W. Taylor; trustees—J. A. Wood, Jos. L. Wills, E. S. McDowell, J. W. Ashby, and the president, secretary and treasurer; regatta committee—J. S. Wills, John S. Pomeroy, C. B. Magee, and the commodore, vice-commodore and treasurer. The Spring regatta is set down for Monday, June 4.

THE RIVERSIDE BOAT CLUB of Cambridge, Mass., held their initial regatta for 1877 on April 12, over a mile and a half turning course. A pair-oared race for $80 resulted in the success of J. Tracey and T. A. Scott, beating M. Graham and P. Hickey. Time, 14:00. Won by twenty seconds. The only other event was a four-oared lapstreak race, for prizes of $20 and $15, and it was pulled in rough water and while a strong tide prevailed. There were four competitors, and the craft in which Roper pulled stroke was first to complete the course. Time, 10:00.

THE Tom Hyer Club, U. S. A., official "clocker" on the occasion of the recent Oxford-Cambridge boatrace, the public are at liberty to take their choice of the varying figures given by the reporters of the London Sporting press—*Bell's Life*, 24:00; *Sporting Life*, 24:30(?); *The Field*, 24:08. John Bennett, watchmaker and jeweler, says he sent two chronographs to the race, which agreed at the start, at the finish, and when compared immediately afterwards, making the time of the race 24:09 5-10.

THE ANNUAL REGATTA of the Passaic River Rowing Association will be held at Newark, N. J., June 19, the programme to embrace single-scull, pair-oared gig, four-oared shell, and six-oared gig races. The distance in the four-oared race will be three miles, with a turn; in the others one and a-half miles, straight.

A REGATTA for mosquito boats inaugurated the sailing season at Boston, Mass., April 12. There were three classes of boats, and the award of prizes, two in each class, was as follows: First-class, Roslyn and Arrow; second, Sunbeam and Hairpin; third, Niagara and Maraquita.

EDWARD TRICKETT, the Australian sculler, was recently presented with a purse of about $800 by his admirers in Australia, who now threaten to do something in the same line for Harry Kelley, who trained Trickett for his race with Joe Sadler on the Thames.

ROBERT W. BOYD AND JOHN HIGGINS have been matched to row from Putney to Mortlake, on the Thames, Eng., for £200 a side and the championship cup, recently won by Boyd. The race is set for May 26.

IT IS NOT CREDITED that a professional four composed of George Faulkner and Patsy Reagan of Boston, John A. Siglin and J. Maxwell of last year's New York four, will be organized shortly.

M. J. HOPKINS and R. McCormick are matched to row two miles, in working boats, for $300, at Boston, Mass., May 5.

JAMES FLANNERY of last year's New York Crew has joined the Lakeman Club four of Boston, Mass.

THE NEWBURG (N. Y.) YACHT CLUB will hold their fourth annual regatta on the Hudson River Aug. 1. There will be four classes of boats, with two prizes in each except the fourth. The club also offer a prize of $250 in gold to be sailed for in a sweepstakes race Aug. 2, open to all yachts under 35 feet in length, each competitor to pay an entrance-fee of $1, the money thus received to be divided into prizes according to the number of entries. Entries to the regatta will close July 31; to the sweepstakes race, July 28.

THE HALIFAX ROWING ASSOCIATION was organized at Halifax, N. S., a few days ago, with these officers: President, Charles J. Macdonald; vice-president, George H. Davis; treasurer, W. E. Wier; secretary, J. R. Townsend; committee—M. Power, Thomas Spelman, William Ross, Alexander McDonald, and John Roue.

THE SHAWMUT CREW has been changed by the substitution of William Brown of East Boston, Mass., for Connolly.

THE CRIBBAGE MATCH, six-card, best in twenty-one games, between Jake Smith and Billy Lowery, was not finished [illegible] April 11, fourteen games occupying three hours [illegible] utes, with the score even, only one game [illegible] won by as many as ten points. The contest [illegible] greed, it was mutually agreed to defer [illegible] ing games until Wednesday evening, [illegible] ke-street Hotel, Brooklyn.

BOWLING.

A FAREWELL TO BOB ORR.

On April 9 a merry crowd assembled at Kittler's to participate in a farewell entertainment given by the Nassau Club in honor of their old captain, Robert C. Orr, who left the "burg" on the following night, bound for the Black Hills to seek wealth and fame. All through the heat of the struggle for the championship, the feeling which existed between the Nassaus and Terpsichores was akin to brotherly friendship, and many a social tussle they have had together on their respective alleys. So, to commemorate this event, the jolly Terps were invited across the river to spend a last pleasant evening with Bob. Although the invitation was sudden and unexpected, nine out of the Terpsichores responded to the call, and, while waiting for the tenth man, a five-frame preliminary game was bowled, which resulted in favor of the New-Yorkers by one pin. The tenth man being still missing, a regular game took place, with nine men of each club on a side, Bob Orr stepping out and acting as master of ceremonies. Eddy Biele and Wilson were chosen captains, and the bowling of the Terpsichores was really good, with the exception of Judge Mercur, who left a sick-room to join in paying homage to Bob. Moulle, as usual, led the score, having Billy Biele close on his heels; while the Nassaus played with their usual practice vim, making the game so close and interesting that, at its close, there was only fifteen pins' difference in favor of New York. It was a reunion and a game long to be remembered; and, no doubt, when Robert is searching the bowels of the earth for yellow lucre, he will many a time think of his last night among the bowlers. The following is the score:

TERPSICHORE.		NASSAU.	
E. Biele	150	Wilson	181
G. Schindhelm	164	J. Grum	190
Moulle	198	J. Orr	136
Mercur	88	E. Church	119
H. Groh	161	Kelly	146
W. Biele	194	J. Church	162
M. Schindhelm	143	Mitchell	140
Guentree	150	F. Baker	143
Sauer	141—1349	S. Baker	157—1374

CUSTERS vs. SATURDAY NIGHTS.

The first game of a series between the above-named clubs came off on the night of April 13 at the headquarters of the Custers. It was a hot game from commencement to end, and the plucky Custers achieved their first victory, winning the game by 182 pins. In justice to the Saturday Nights, it must be said that they were out of trim, having attended the concert of Billy Biele's orchestra in a body the night before, and were not so fresh as a team ought to be. The bowling of the Custers was superb all through the tussle, and, gaining the lead in the first inning, they held it until the finish. Layous led the score on both sides, followed closely by Fields and President Seilken of the same club. D. McAusian of Williamsburg was umpire, and time of game was two hours and five minutes. The score:

CUSTERS.		SATURDAY NIGHTS.	
Sabin	173	Eisman	160
Seilken	196	Rollings	175
Bruning	173	E. Biele	164
McCormack	160	Mercur	185
Plummer	193	Groh	159
Layous	210	Greenlee	158
Mahnken	141	Schultz	118
Feild	202	Friend	173
Striker	167	Potter	168
Wallace	192—1807	Moulle	165—1625

SOUTHSIDE CLUB.

The members of this club turned out very strong on April 10, and, collecting together on Smith's alleys, First street, E. D., indulged in an excellent practice for their match with the Peck-slip Club on the 18th. Sides were chosen by Haffner and McDermott, and it will be seen by the score that the team is improving rapidly. Mac's 254 opened the eyes of the burgers to such an extent that Pilot McAllister's 143 was scarcely noticed, although he made some splendid plays in getting single pins. Maher's 222 was another noteworthy effort, as he went through the ten frames without a single break. Taken altogether, it was the best bowling of the season on those alleys. The score:

McDERMOTT'S SIDE.		HAFFNER'S SIDE.	
McDermott	224	Haffner	176
Maher	222	McAllister	143
Smith	165	Schedler	162
Monge	113	Thomas	116
Held	182	Stockmest	176
Pieler	122	Rodefield	140
Mathias	106—1165	Tietgen	139—1032

FRANKLIN vs. GRAMMERCY.

The Franklins inaugurated the opening of their new alleys, Twenty-sixth street and Third avenue, on April 10, by inviting the Grammercys to a friendly tilt at bowling, and a house-warming generally. The cosy club-rooms are fitted up in the finest style; the ceiling is frescoed, and the walls all painted in landscape, while the alleys are models of perfection, being seventy feet in length, and regulation width, with all the modern improvements in regard to gutters and tramways. The Franklins were minus the services of George H. Bryant, one of their best men, and, although their captain made only two breaks during the game, they lost the match by 36 pins. William P. Allen acted as umpire. Score:

GRAMMERCY.		FRANKLIN	
Eisman	160	Sedlich	182
Claire	149	Rogert	140
Sutton	128	Monninger	111
H. Mills	162	Metzger	117
R. Mills	130	Perley	118
Luers	131—860	Hayes	156—824

WILLIAMSBURG vs. PECK SLIP.

The return game between the above clubs was played on April 9 at Heiser's, and resulted, as did the first, in favor of Peck Slip. The bowling was nothing extra, as neither team played anywhere near their average, the winners seeming to take things easy all through the game. Having gained the lead in the first inning, they maintained it until the end. The old-timers rallied in the last three frames, but the odds against them was too much to overcome.

WILLIAMSBURG.		PECK SLIP.	
Ringe	140	Schutt	131
Tonjes	135	Shoemaker	161
Dick	125	Thorman	134
Timmermann	96	J. Schroeder	123
Rover	134	C. Schroeder	145
Rausch	101	Mitchell	111
Ahrens	142	Ashoff	108
Rechers	123	Holman	117
Campell	137	Kruse	142
Rofkar	1439—1275	Germain	130—1301

THE KNICKERBOCKERS.

This latest candidate for bowling honors has among its members good material for first-class rollers. On Wednesday, April 11, at their regular meeting on the Empire Alleys, they playing a game with six on a side, Mr. Wright led the score with 186, followed by oarsman Williams with 172; while Voss, a veteran bowler, could not get higher than 164. The alleys have been lately leveled, and on Tuesday received a fresh coat of oil, which made them very slippery; but no skates were used.

Moran	167	Voss	164
Wright	186	Hollingsworth	148
Hughes	116	Wilbur	126
Pope	169	Phillips	126
Powell	105	Williams	172
Cross	102— 845	Cooper	150— 888

A GREAT SCORE.

In their regular practice for the match with the Columbias, Mr. Hirsh of the Terpsichores on April 11 made the remarkable score of 252, which is the highest ever made on their alley by any member of the club. In the ten frames he made eight strikes and two spares; and, as he plumped the head-pin every time, his execution took all the bowling out of the rest of the team, and even the Judge could not get higher than 129. Appended is the result:

W. Biele	158	Hirsh	252
W. Biele	147	E. Biele	134
Hirsh	153	G. Schindhelm	152
Rollins	119	Escher	136
Schultz	139— 696	Mercur	129— 793

CLUB AVERAGES.

The Athletics and Nassaus having played their series of seven games each in the tournament, and the former having been declared champions, it will be seen that the grand average of the Athletics was over 1,600, and the Nassaus a little over 1,500. It will also be seen that in the individual averages there were only two players in the winning team who overtopped Bob Orr's splendid average of 172.

TEAM AVERAGES.

Athletics, in seven games	1,621 6-7
Nassaus, in seven games	1,500 2-6

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES.

ATHLETICS.		NASSAUS.	
Bartlett	183	R. Orr	172
Price	176	Wilson	165
Moller	171	J. Orr	162
Mayer	169	G. Grum	160
Delap	167	F. Baker	144
Schlipf	162	Conover	143
Richardson	162	J. Church	142
Gerow	153	S. Baker	141
Brunner	149	J. Grum	141
Hofkar	148—1640	E. Church	141—1551

ANOTHER RECRUIT.—A party of gentlemen have formed an association to be known as the Apollo Bowling Club, which will meet for practice every Thursday at Wortman's, on Fourth street, Williamsburg. At their last meeting the following good score was made:

H. Tostevan	203	Bendernagel	168
Hilyer	190	P. Tostevan	157
Hilyer	173	Ten Eyck	149
Hedges	172	Romaine	181—1414

PIN KNIGHTS.—The members of this club celebrated their third anniversary on April 14 at Moquin's old place, 83 Nassau street, by giving their annual dinner, at which there were a few invited guests, who made several strikes in the game before them. Old reliable Ed. Anderson made the happy speech, in which he traced the history of bowling back to the days of the Arcade in Barclay street, and predicted for the game a bright future.

THE POINT BOWLERS.—The Greenpoint Bowling Club held a meeting on April 11 at their headquarters, Franklin street, and appointed a committee of three to confer with a similar committee of the Hunter's Point Club, to arrange the time and place for the game which will decide the championship of the Points, a report of which will appear in our next issue.

A COMPETENT MAN wants an engagement to take charge of bowling-alleys. See "Tenpin's" advertisement.

BILLIARDS.

BRIEF NOTES.

John Galvin, after an illness of many months, is once more upon his feet, his friends will be pleased to learn.

George Slosson and William Sexton have got back to this city, and on the 14th inst. they went to Albany, N. Y., to give an exhibition.....Lewis Shaw was in Omaha, Neb., on April 10.....In Philadelphia, on April 9, T. Hunter and George Heverem were announced to play a "match game," but Heverem did not appear, and William Rockhill took his place. On the same night, Joseph Gerster was announced to play a match for a purse of $250 with "A. Pullan of St. Louis."....Louis Shaw and Rudolph Heiser are en route to California, where they will give exhibitions.....The six contestants in the recent tournament in Utica, N. Y., have signed a card commending the excellences of the H. W. Collender table upon which they played.....At the White House, Pittsburg, on April 6, Sexton beat Slosson by 500 to 447, the "average" being light for those "cracks."....William Burleigh is at work in the room of the Butterfield House, Utica, N. Y.....Hiram Henlin, who fitted up the billiard-room of the Grand Central Hotel, this city, about four years ago, and has since rented to the proprietor of the house in 1874, on the 11th inst. obtained judgment against the latter in the sum of $3,431 91. George F. Phelan was interested in the tables being his.....After young John Roberts once more gets settled in London, Eng., there will probably be a championship match between him and William Cook.....A room to hold ten of H. W. Collender's tables is being fitted up at an uptown garden. It is to be opened on April 21.....Frank Fitch is once more in Albany, N. Y.

REMOVAL.—George F. Phelan, who for his practical services towards the development of billiards in the past deserves to be remembered now and in the future, has fitted up an elegant set of warerooms at No. 14 Vesey street, this city, where his experience as an old member of the firm of Phelan & Collender will be found available by those who are in quest either of billiard-tables or of anything else appertaining to the game his deceased father aided to popularize more than any other one man. Those at a distance will ascertain young Mr. Phelan's post-office address by referring to his card on an outside page.

GREAT SPORT may be expected at the opening of William Sexton's new room, formerly the ladies' restaurant, adjoining Central Park Garden, this city, on Saturday night, April 21.

WM. SEXTON will please call or send for a letter addressed to him in our care.

THE TRIGGER.

LONG ISLAND SHOOTING CLUB.

The annual shoot between members of this club for a dinner for all participating took place at Dexter's, near Jamaica, L. I., on April 13. Sides of six, captained respectively by Messrs. Williams and Gildersleeve, engaged in the sport, each man firing at seven birds, 25yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, 1¼oz. of shot, with this result:

WILLIAMS.		GILDERSLEEVE.	
Hughes	7	Martin	6
Blake	5	Gildersleeve	5
Robinson	5	Johnson	5
Williams	4	Hemming	5
Gordon	5	Blankley	5
Wynne	3	Byrnes	0
Totals	29	Totals	26

It will be seen from the score that, had Byrnes done a little better than half so well as any one of his companions, the other side would have had the pleasure of liquidating the suppers incidental to the big "feed." Two classified sweepstakes shoots followed, $2 entry, three birds, ties shot off, miss and go out. The first was won by Walton, who was the only man to kill his first bird in shooting off a tie on three with Williams, Hughes and Robinson; second money was divided between Wynne and Blankley, who tied on two with Hemming, the latter missing in the shoot-off; Blake and Gildersleeve tied on a single for third money, which the former won in the second tie-shoot. In the second sweep, Wynne was the only man to knock over all his birds, Williams, Hughes, Hemming, Gildersleeve, Blake, Walton and Rob Inson tying for second money, and in shooting off all missed except Hughes and Robinson, who divided, Blankley securing third money. Referee, Mr. Walters.

THE CREEDMOOR OPENING.

The initial competition for the Remington Prize of $300 in gold opened the campaign at Creedmoor, L. I., on Saturday, April 14. A dozen marksmen participated; but, as the weather was uncomfortably cool on the range, the smallness of the scores made by well-known experts at pugging the bull's-eyes is not surprising. The distances were 900 and 1,000 yards, twenty rounds at each, no sighting shots, Remington rifles, to be loaded at the breech only, artificial rest not allowed; highest attainable score, 200 points. The competition resulted as under:

	900 yds.	1,000 yds.	Total.		900 yds.	1,000 yds.	Total.
T. L. Allen	81	78	159	G. L. Morse	65	60	125
T. Lamb	82	77	159	E. H. Raym'nd	54	70	124
L. Weber	81	75	156	C. Shaw	52	59	111
T. S. Dakin	79	59	138	E. H. Sanford	51	56	107
C. E. Blyd'n'gh	78	57	135	H. Fisher	25	49	74
H. S. Jewell	62			Walton	62	retired.	

Lamb made the same aggregate number of points as Allen; but, as the latter beat him by one point on the longer range, the victory was awarded to Allen. The prize must be won thrice, not necessarily consecutively, by the same person before becoming the personal property of a competitor.

THE RIFLE AT THE HUB.—About thirty members of the Massachusetts Rifle Association repaired to the Walnut-hill Range, near Boston, on April 12. The special events of the day, which was opened with bull's-eye shooting at 200 and 500 yards, were prize competitions at those distances, ten rounds each, any rifle within the rules, entrance $1.50. The first was for ten prizes, made up proportionally of sixty per cent. of the entrance fees, 200 yards, and the scores were: S. C. Noyes, 41; J. Borden, 40; E. B. Souther, J. H. Frost, G. L. Winship, L. W. Farrer, 39 each; S. E. Ring, W. H. Jackson, J. Langdon, 38 each; A. Lowell, W. E. Guerrier, E. F. Hunt, Wm. Poland, 37; J. B. Osborne, E. W. Law, N. W. Arnold, 36; J. Wemyss, 35. The second match was at 500 yards, the award of prizes to be governed by the greatest number of shots inside the inner bull's-eye. Winners: W. H. Jackson, 52; C. C. Hibbard, J. A. Lowell, 51; J. Wemyss, 47; Farrer, 50; Souther, 49.

THE LAWRENCE (MASS.) RIFLE CLUB commenced operations for the year on their range April 12. The possible count was 50, and the best shooting was done by R. F. Sargent, 47; A. W. Howland, C. L. Austin and O. M. Jewett, 46 each; B. F. Chadbourne, 45; L. Saunders, 44; J. W. Frost, 43.

J. S. CONLIN opened his new shooting gallery, at 1,222 Broadway, on Thursday evening, April 12.

PEDESTRIANISM.

O'LEARY AND WESTON.

Mail advices from England, dated April 5, contain particulars of the first two days' walking by D. O'Leary and E. P. Weston in their late six days' contest in London, but the great pressure upon our space this week compels us to take but little from them. Weston led by one minute after his antagonist, having arrived late; but two hours later he had a lead of over a mile, and he completed fifty miles in 9h. 11m. 22s., which stronges by O'Leary enabled Weston to get upon even terms, and during the afternoon the men led alternately, Weston finishing his one hundred miles first in 20h. 6m. 10s., being 19m. 25s. ahead, and keeping ahead until the expiration of the twenty-four hours, in which time he covered exactly 116 miles 812¼ yards—better than he ever before did. O'Leary, after a deficit of nearly an hour and a half, started again at seven minutes before one o'clock A. M. on the second day, was well ahead when Weston reappeared, at 2h. 50m. 40s. A. M., and increased his lead materially at the day, beating record time mile after mile, and finishing his 200th mile, over seventeen miles ahead, in 45h. 21m. 33s.—more than an hour better than the previous fastest. At the end of forty-eight hours the score stood: O'Leary, 208 miles; Weston, 194 miles 729 yards. Each man walked upon a separate track, composed of loam, coated with sawdust, the inner one of which was entrusted to a surveyor, the outer one being exactly six laps and a half, and the inner one seven to the mile. On the judges' stand were also the telegraph boards to signal the laps, and also the miles and mile-time as recorded by the lap-keepers, under the supervision of the judges. The selection of the judges was left in the hands of the editor of *The Sporting Life*, and the following gentlemen were appointed: J. G. Chambers (*Land and Water*), A. G. Payne (*Standard*), J. Watson, and C. Conquest and Geo. W. Atkinson (*Sporting Life*).

A FAST RACE IN AUSTRALIA.—On Jan. 30 a race of 150 yards, for £100 a side, took place at the Maitland Track, Australia, between Peter Dowden (said to be from America) and Robert F. Watson, a native of Londonderry, Ireland. On Nov. 8 of last year Davies was beaten by Frank Hewitt in a 100 yards race for £30 quite easily, and on this occasion he was trained by Hewitt. A local journal says: "Both men appeared in splendid form, the American particularly, but, anything, a little overtrained. There was some difficulty in getting them started on their journey; but after several attempts they were dispatched. Watson getting a yard the best of the start, and for the first forty yards he led by a foot; before fifty yards were covered the American was beside him, and at the end of the next ten was leading. At about eighty yards from the start they again changed places; but only for a moment, for Davies again found himself in front. Watson, however, ten yards from home, put on a grand spurt, and won a fine race by barely nine inches. Time, 14 6-10sec."

EDWARD DYER AND JOHN MCGARY, pedestrians of local repute, had a match of one hundred miles at a track near Frankford, Philadelphia. Over one thousand spectators witnessed the race, which was for $50 a side. After one false start they got off well together, and a rattling race ensued. Dyer finally landing himself winner by about two and a half yards; time, 11¾sec. The winner, who was in admirable trim, was attended by Bill Adsetts.

W. HOWES is reported to have walked 21 miles in 2h. 57m. 37s. A. M. on the 7th inst. in an attempt to do the distance in three hours at Agricultural Hall, London, March 31; but, owing to the manner in which the affair was managed, doubts are entertained of the correctness of the timing.

E. C. HOLSKE AND WM. LEONARDSON walked a three-mile match at Fleetwood Park, Morrisania, N. Y., April 15. The latter, who had a start of half a mile, won by a minute in 21m. 57sec. J. F. Luther, referee.

W. FERGUSON will walk 31 miles in three hours at London, Eng., on Good Friday, resulted in failure, he stopping after doing fifteen miles in 2h. 3m. 37s.

THERE ARE LETTERS in care of this office for John Goulding and D. J. McGoll.

LIGHT-WEIGHT WRESTLING.—The match some time ago entered into by Frank Robinson of Lawrence, Mass., and Harry Howard of Glen Cove, L. I., and which was announced as for $250 a side, took place at the former place April 12. The conditions were to wrestle for one fall in Lancashire (catch-as-catch-can) style, one in Graeco-Roman, and, in case each contestant was credited with a fall, the choice of style for deciding fall to be tossed for. A resort to flipping the copper was not rendered necessary, however, as Robinson disposed of Master Harry in 2½min. and 1½min. respectively. Robinson's weight is given as 138lb; Howard's, 135lb.

AMUSEMENTS.

NOTICE TO PROFESSIONALS AND TRANSIENT PEOPLE. Good rooms and board at low rates at the HOUSE OF LORDS, corner of Houston and Crosby streets. GEO. A. BLACK, Proprietor. 3-4t*

POWERS' NATIONAL MUSEUM, late of Washington, D. C. $10,000 challenge that John H. and Mary Powers, whose combined weight is 1,440½lb, are the heaviest people on earth. Now on exhibition at 206 Chatham street, New York, together with a collection of Darwinian specimens from tropical climes. None of these curiosities were exhibited at the Centennial. John H. Powers, proprietor. 2-4t.

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ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE WEEK:
MISS DOLLIE BIDWELL, MISS JENNIE HUGHES,
MISS EMMA HOFFMAN, CHARLES DIAMOND,
DE ALVE SISTERS, BILLY CARTER,
MISS AMY BENNETT, HEALY AND ELLA SAUNDERS,
EVELINE CONSTANTINE, VIRO FARRAND,
ANTOINETTE CORSSI, NELLIE ABBOTT,
WILLIAMS AND MACARTY, C. H. ATKINSON,
MILLIE YOUNG, ADA EASTMAN, GEO. KURTZ,
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April 16, second week of the new play, by FRANKLIN FILE, Esq.:
THREE DAYS
with all its magnificent scenery and grand effects.
EXTRACTS FROM PHILADELPHIA NEWSPAPERS.
A positive success was achieved last evening, on the production of the new play THREE DAYS.—RECORD.
The plot has the rare merit of originality.—TIMES.
The piece is one of dramatic force. The dialogue is excellent, while a vein of humor running through it keeps the audience greatly amused. It requires the full strength of the excellent company.—LEDGER.
In hurriedly giving a brief outline of the many incidents of the play, some, perhaps, have been omitted which add to its interest as a whole. It has inherent merit as a lively, entertaining production.—PRESS.
The dialogue is uniformly good. The curtain invariably falls on situations which are effective.—INQUIRER.
The opening is exceedingly good, the plot increases in interest until the third act, where it we

A BROWN-STONE TOMB.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

In a famous square my lady dwells,
In a stately house with massive steps,
And parlors rich with brocatels,
And plushes rare and crimson rops.
The curtains are yellow with age, and of lace;
Exotic plants in the windows bloom—
Ah, never another such marvelous place
Was reared by man to serve as a tomb.
A tomb, did I say, in that famous square!
The words sound harsh to the ear, I own,
For the house is grand and stately and fair,
And corniced and capped with the brownest of stone.
And yet I have heard—mere gossip, perhaps—
But still I have heard, and so I aver,
That this same house, with its cornice and caps,
Is only a gorgeous sepulchre.
And ever by day and ever by night
Ghosts flit in and out of the rooms,
Silent and gaunt, and as horribly white
As the spectral shapes in graveyard tombs.
Honor is one of these ghosts, and he walks
To and fro with noiseless tread;
And Peace is another, who brazenly stalks
Into the house where Peace is dead.
And, following after these three, glides
A third—the direst ghost of the three—
For lo! 'tis Happiness who strides
Where Happiness has ceased to be!
These spectres only my lady sees,
And, seeing, she shudders and turns aside,
For they mock her show of splendid ease,
And sicken her soul of its stilted pride.
For long ago—so the story runs—
My lady was only a country maid,
Whose cheeks were kissed by the Summer's sun,
Whose hands to labor were unafraid.
And fresh as the early rose's bloom
Was the color that lingered upon her face;
Ah! then she had never dreamed of a tomb,
With velvet carpets and curtains of lace.
But she sold herself and her heart for gold
For brocatels and plushes rare;
Happiness, honor and peace she sold
For a stately house in that famous square.
So I do not envy my lady who dwells
In the lordly house where flowers bloom,
For the crimson rops and the brocatels
Are only the trappings that deck a tomb!

A FIGHT FOR FOOTLIGHT FAME.

A First-night in Paris—Rows at Rehearsal and Skirmishes with Mademoiselle Mars.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CONCLUSION.

During the week preceding the performance the newspapers discussed the drama and excited their readers—the greater part against, a few in favor. The Government organs endeavored to lessen the excitement. All the author's friends and those who desired the triumph of the new art volunteered their services. MM. Louis Boulanger, Theophile Gautier (yet a child in age and already a man in talent), Gerard de Nerval, Vivier, Ernest De Saxe-Coburg (natural son of the reigning Duke), Arnold Scribe and Eugene Deveria, Francais, Celestin Nanteuil, Edouard Thierry, Petrus Borel and his two brothers, Achille Roche (who would have become a celebrated painter if he had not been drowned in the Tiber) were among the first to offer. They beat the roll in literature, in music, in the studios of painters, sculptors, and architects. They came back with the lists of names they had recruited, and asked each one to lend his tribe to battle.

M. Victor Hugo bought several quires of red paper, and cut the sheets into small squares, upon which, with a stamp, he printed the Spanish word which signifies *fire:* FIERRO. He distributed these squares among the chiefs of tribes. The theatre gave up to them the orchestra of the musicians, the second gallery and the parterre, less fifty places.

In order to combine their strategic plan and to well assume their order of battle, the young men demanded the privilege of admission in advance of the public. This was granted, on condition that they would all get in before the forming of line at the ticket-office. They were given until three o'clock. This would have been well enough if they had been permitted to enter, as did the claquers, through the little door in the dark passage. But the management, apparently not caring to conceal them, assigned to them the door opening from the Rue Valois. In their anxiety not to be too late, the young battalion arrived too early; the door was not open, and for one hour the innumerable passers-by on the Rue Richelieu beheld accumulating a band of wild, fantastic beings, bearded, long-haired, dressed in all manner of styles except in the fashion—some in pea-jackets, others in Spanish cloaks, vests *a la* Robespierre, tunics *a la* Henri III, wearing all the centuries and every clime upon their heads and shoulders, at midday in the streets of Paris. The good citizens stopped and gazed, wondering and indignant. M. Theophile Gautier offended the public eyes by a scarlet satin waistcoat, and his flowing hair descending half-way down his back. Still the door remained closed. The tribes blocked the thoroughfare, which to them was a matter of indifference; but there was one thing that taxed their patience. The champions of classic art could not tranquilly look upon those hordes of barbarians about to invade their temple: they gathered the filth and sweeping of the theatre, and from the windows and balconies threw them upon the besiegers. M. De Balzac received his share in the shape of a decayed cabbage. The first impulse was to get angry; that was, perhaps, what the champions of classic art desired. The tumult would have brought the police, who would have arrested the disturbers of the peace, and of course the disturbers of the peace would have been not those who pelted, but those who were being pelted. The young men knew that the slightest pretext would be sufficient, and they remained quiet.

At four o'clock the door was opened, and it was closed after they had entered. In the auditorium, all by themselves, they organized. Their places having been designated, it was yet only half-past three o'clock. What to do until seven? They chatted, they sang, but soon got tired of that. Fortunately, they had come too early to have dined, and had brought a good supply of Bologna sausages, ham, bread, etc. And so they dined then and there, the benches serving for tables and handkerchiefs for napkins. As they had nothing else to do, they prolonged the repast, and they were still eating when the doors were opened to the public. At sight of this restaurant, the occupants of the boxes asked themselves if they were dreaming. At the same time their sense of smell was offended by the garlic in the sausages. But worse than that, among so many men there were necessarily some who had experienced other cravings than those of the stomach. They had sought in what part of the house of Moliere they might void the superfluity of drink. The attendants, however, had not yet arrived, and there was no one to open for them. They endeavored to reach the stage, but the curtain was down, the doors of communications were closed, and the rule of "no admittance" was strictly enforced. Shut up as they were for hours, many of them were not to be denied, and had gone quietly into the darkest corner. But that darkest corner was all at once, when the doors were opened to the public, flooded with a blaze of light. On that occasion the most elegant ladies had secured seats even in the uppermost gallery. Imagine the scandal occasioned by that humidity through which dragged robes of silk and satin slippers. When M. Victor Hugo arrived at the theatre, he found the employes smiling and the royal Commissaire exceedingly flurried.

"Why, what is the matter?" he asked.

"The matter is that your play is dead, and that it is your friends who have killed it.

M. Hugo, when informed of the incident, said that it was not the fault of his friends, but of those who had shut them up for four hours. At least, Mademoiselle Mars would know nothing of it. The Baron Taylor would be careful to enjoin that the thing be concealed from her. The author went into her box.

"Well," said she with her first word, "you have nice friends! You know what they have done?"

M. Taylor's injunction had not prevented the enemies of the play from telling her the whole story. She was furious.

"I have played before many audiences," said she, "but I shall owe it to you that I must play before this one."

M. Hugo repeated to the actress what he had said to the royal Commissaire, and went behind the scenes. Actors, supernumeraries, machinists, all had passed from coldness to hostility—all except M. Joanny, who came to him, splendid in his costume of Don Ruy Gomez, and said:

"Be of good cheer! As for me, I never felt so much in the vein."

M. Hugo looked through the hole in the curtain. From pit to dome the auditorium was resplendent with silks, jewels, flowers, and bare shoulders. Amid this blaze two dark masses in the second gallery and parterre swayed with wagging beards and shaggy manes.

The three taps were struck. The author saw the curtain rise with that oppression of the heart which one experiences who delivers to the unknown his thought, and perhaps his future. The short scene between Don Carlos and Josefa went smoothly. Then entered Dona Sol.

The young men, not well posted in theatrical customs, and, besides, not being enthusiasts in regard to Mademoiselle Mars, neglected giving her the reception to which she was accustomed, and her admirers among the audience, vexed with her for having consented to appear in drama, failed to repair the negligence. This unfamiliar silence somewhat disconcerted her. M. Firmin, who was too old to play Hernani, but who was still full of energy and ardor, spoke well the lines:

"O inexorable old man! with head bow'd down,
To end his journey.
Old man, go give thy measure for a grave!"

In the orchestra, the parterre and the second gallery, there was clapping of hands, but without echo in the rest of the house. In the second act, at the dialogue between Don Carlos and Hernani:

"My man,
Henceforth I hold you rebel, under ban,
A traitor to the empire."
"Be it so:
The world elsewhere is mine, to be your foe;
There are asylums where you own no slave."
"And when the world is mine?"
"— Then mine the grave."

Many of those in the boxes joined in the applause. As one scene followed another without opposition, the actors lost their stiffness. After the second act they smiled at the author, and some of them admired the piece in good faith.

But the real danger was yet to come; the redoubtable scene was that of the portraits, predesignated for laughter by the burlesque at the Vaudeville. The third act commenced well. The lines of Don Ruy Gomez to Donna Sol; "When a young shepherd passes by," etc., spoken by M. Joanny with melancholy pride, affected the women, and some of them applauded. M. Ernest De Saxe-Coburg cried out: "Vive *les femmes!*" M. Joanny possessed a kind of lofty simplicity and familiar mobility that suited the character wonderfully well. He grandly tackled the file of portraits, and was followed by the attentive audience so far as the sixth, but at that there were symptoms of resistance and a commencement of murmuring. Two more, and they would have hissed. The line "I pass these by, and better ones!" saved all. The last portrait was hailed with acclamations, which redoubled when Don Ruy prefers to yield his life and his betrothed rather than his guest, whom he knows to be his rival. Thenceforward there was no one behind the scenes who had ever doubted as to the success of the play. That success was decided by the soliloquy of Charles V in the fourth act. That immense soliloquy, interrupted at almost every line by bravos, was finished in an explosion of interminable salvos.

The applause was still going on, when the author was informed that someone was asking for him. He went, and saw a little man with a round belly and an open countenance.

"My name is Mame," said the little man. "I am the partner of M. Boudoin the publisher. But this is no place in which to converse. Will you stop outside for a minute?"

When they were in the street:

"This is the matter," said he. "We were in the theatre, M. Boudoin and I, and we wish to, publish 'Hernani.' Will you sell it to us?"

"How much?"

"Six thousand francs."

"We will talk about it after the performance."

"Excuse me," insisted the bookseller, "but I prefer to close the bargain at once."

"Why so? You do not know what you are buying. The success may diminish."

"Yes; but it may increase. At the second act, I thought of offering you two thousand francs; at the third, four thousand; I offer you six thousand at the fourth; after the fifth, I would be afraid of offering you ten thousand."

"Very well, so be it," said M. Hugo, laughing. "Since you are so much afraid of my play, you shall have it. Come to my house to-morrow morning, and we will sign."

"If it is all the same to you, I would rather sign now. I have the six thousand francs about me."

"I am willing; but how? We are in the street."

"Here is a bureau de tabac."

The publisher and the author went in together; the former bought a sheet of stamped paper, asked for pen and ink; the contract was written and signed on the counter, and M. Victor Hugo received the money, which was quite acceptable, as he had not more than fifty francs in his possession.

Returning to the theatre, he perceived, through the respectful attitude of the performers towards him, that the success had not abated. Messrs. Joanny, Michelot, and Firmin were delighted; their roles had divided the triumph. In the first four acts Dona Sol's part is not prominent. M. Hugo deemed it proper to call upon Mademoiselle Mars in her dressing-room.

He found her in a bad humor. At first she pretended not to see him. She continued to quarrel with the dressing-woman:

"Why, what ails you to-night? I shall never be ready. My powder, I tell you! It is an hour since I asked you for it; but, then, my room is always full of idlers! One knows not what one is about with all these visits! Ah! are you there, Monsieur Hugo?"

And, while powdering her bosom, she continued:

"But do you know this play of yours is doing well! At least, for you and those gentlemen."

"We come now to your act, madame."

"Yes. I commence when the play ends. I say, your fine friends in the audience, I have not fatigued them much. Are you aware that this is the first time that I have not been applauded at my entrance?"

"But you will be upon your recall!"

"Well, well," said she with the air of a resigned victim, "when I accepted such a role I ought to have expected such treatment."

When she made her appearance in her raiment of white satin, a crown of white roses above her brow, her teeth of dazzling white, her form the form of a girl of seventeen, she produced a charming effect of youth and beauty. The set was charming; the terrace where the maskers thronged, the illuminated palace, the gardens in which fountains dreamily played, the movement of the festival, the music of the dance, and afterwards the silence when the bride and bridegroom stood there alone, all has favorably disposed the audience; and, when mademoiselle spoke the words of tenderness so well suited to her musical voice, she had no cause to find fault with the audience or to envy "those gentlemen."

The whole fifth act justified the precipitation of the publisher Mame. When M. Joanny took off the mask in which he had assisted at the nuptials, the spectral face that he exhibited produced an impression of terror; there was thrown upon the scene a sepulchral rigidity that chilled the blood. Mademoiselle Mars contended with him for Hernani's life with an energy that seemed to surpass even her extraordinary powers. She was splendid in violence when threatening Don Ruy:

"More safe the tigress to confront 'twould be,
And snatch her young, than tear my love from me.
Dost see this poignard? Do my eyes reveal
A menace, rash old man? Then fear this steel.
Beware, Don Ruy! I am of thy kin, my uncle!"

The denouement was an ecstacy; a rain of bouquets fell at the feet of Mademoiselle Mars; the author's name was received with acclamation in the boxes; only five or six remained silent; no hostile voice was heard.

M. Victor Hugo went to present to the great actress the compliments she so well deserved. Her dressing-room was crowded, but this time she did not complain. She was in high spirits, her role was superb, the drama was a chef d'oeuvre.

"Well!" said she, "are you not going to kiss your Dona Sol?" And Dona Sol presented to the author the cheek of Mademoiselle Mars. M. Hugo was waited for at the stage-door by a troop of friends, who wished to escort him home. At his residence he found his parlors crowded. The Rue Notre Dame des Champs was astonished at being so noisy at one o'clock in the morning. M. Achille Deveria said that he would not go to sleep on such a night, and he went to make a drawing of the last scene.

The next day, on awakening, M. Victor Hugo received this letter:

"I witnessed, monsieur, the first representation of 'Hernani.' You are aware of my admiration for you. My vanity attaches itself to your lyre—you know why. I am going, monsieur, and you are coming. I recommend myself to the remembrance of your muse. A pious glory should pray for the dead.

"CHATEAUBRIAND."

BIRDS AND STEAM-ENGINES.—In a German engineering journal a writer discusses the behavior of different animals and birds toward the steam-engine and steam-works generally. He notices the boldness, and, at the same time, dexterity with which dogs will run about amid the wheels of a departing train without suffering the least injury, while hosts of women annually lose their lives. On the other hand, the "so proverbially stupid animal," continues standing composedly on the rails, having no idea of the danger which threatens him, and is run over. But birds, strange to say, have a peculiar delight in the steam-engine. It has often happened that larks have built their nests and reared their young under the switches of a much-traveled railway, while in engine-houses the swallow is a frequent guest. In a certain mill where a noisy 300-horse power engine is thumping and bumping night and day, two pairs of swallows have built their nests for years, and rear their young regularly. The writer mentions an instance of almost incredible fearlessness on the part of a swallow, a pair of which early last year built in the paddle-boxes of a Danubian steamer, and regularly made the journeys from Pesth to Semlin.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following will show the necessity of addressing all communications plainly. The postmaster at Glasgow, Scotland, is said to have mentioned, the other day, that he had received a letter addressed "Robert Burns, poet, Heaven." The sorter who sorted it did not know such a place, and sent it to the letter-carrier's office. There the place was also unknown, and the letter was condemned as "insufficiently addressed." According to the latest advices, the officials have found where the place is, and have now only to settle how to get the letter there.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—A gentleman called last week at a large stationer's to order some note-paper with a heading. On being shown various designs, monograms, etc.: "No," he said; "I want something simpler—just a flower, such as a forget-me-not." "But, sir, that would surely be more suitable for a young lady." "I know what I want," was the prompt reply; "I'm a tailor, and—the paper is for my customers."

MULTIPLICATION.—Mrs. Jones had a numerous offspring, to which she is in the habit of adding a new specimen regularly every year. Among the number is a little boy who has just returned from boarding school for a few days. On the evening after his arrival a newly-engaged servant inquired of the schoolboy how many brothers and sisters he had. "I don't know," replied the child; "I came home this morning."

"ISN'T THERE AN AWFULLY STRONG SMELL of pigs in the air?" asked Smith of Jones. "Yes," replied Jones; "that's because the wind is from the sow-west."

SHAKESPEARE'S CHAIR was recently sold at auction in England for $225. A good copy of the old folio edition of the plays of 1623 sold at the same time for $805.

Up in the Stirrups.

Exercise with the Indian Clubs.

The Giant's Stride.

PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR FEMALES.

Our artist this week presents sketches illustrative of additional appliances for improving the physique of "the wives and mothers of the future." For developing the muscles of the body, and keeping its organism in a healthy vigorous state, there is probably no exercise better than that to be obtained from judicious use of the Indian clubs, which are especially adapted for home service. The great variety of graceful movements capable of being executed with them, and the ease with which proficiency may be acquired by following the simple rules laid down for the guidance of the learner, have rendered this a popular source of beneficial recreation. The uses of "the stirrups" and the "giant's stride" are apparent from a glance at the illustrations—the former assimilating to the "flying rings" forming an important part of the paraphernalia of every well-appointed gymnasium, the covered iron or wooden stirrups, which are attached to ropes hanging from staples driven into the beam above, being firmly grasped by the performer, who by swinging in various positions brings into active play all the muscles. The "stride" is performed on a swinging ladder, suspended perpendicularly from the ceiling, the performer ascending by the rungs hand over hand, the full weight of the body being thrown upon either arm alternately, and the lower limbs being allowed to hang limp. It is the duty of parents to see that, while the mind of their children is being moulded and cultivated, due attention be paid to judicious training of the body; that they may be better fitted to wage the battle of life. Heads of families who strive to maintain a proper equipoise between the mental and physical education of those growing up around them, afford thereby evidence that they entertain a true appreciation of the great responsibility resting upon them; and they will be spared the painful spectacle of much of the sickness and death which result from a disregard of the laws of nature and common sense. In these days, when the means for rejuvenating and strengthening the body weakened through lack of healthful exercise are at the command of all, there is little excuse for the pale, sickly-looking faces so often met with among the youth of both sexes.

SPEAK GENTLY TO HER.

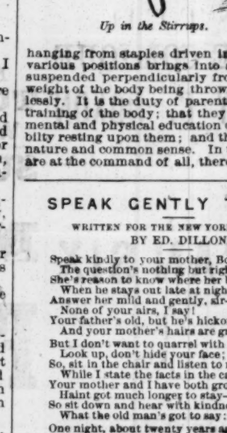
WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ED. DILLON.

Speak kindly to your mother, Bob—
The question's nothing but right;
She's reason to know where her boy has been
When he stays out late at night;
Answer her mild and gently, sir—
Note to your airs, I say!
Your father's old, but he's hickory,
And your mother's hairs are gray.
But I don't want to quarrel with you, my boy—
Look up, don't hide your face;
So, sit in the chair and listen to me
While I state the facts in the case.
Your mother and I have both grown old—
Hain't got much longer to stay—
So sit down and hear what Jenkins' doing,
What the old man's got to say:
One night, about twenty years ago,
As the snow fell thick and fast,
And the wind whistled round the L of the house
In a chilling November blast,
The women-folks routed me out of my bed—
I suspected the reason why—
And I went over to Parson Jenkins',
Who lived on a place close by.
The parson had been a doctor once,
But had quit giving calomel pills—
The fewer pills could be taken out of itself,
So he went for the *spiritual* ills.
He was a useful man in these lowlands then,
With ager up to the brim.
For he said that the people's *hearts* were right,
And their *bodies* also in trim.
I told him he'd better wrap up good,
As the storm he'd have to face,
And he'd better put his pistols along—
There was something wrong on the place.
* * * * * * *
When he went away next morning
He said you *might* come 'round;
But you were puny, weak and delicate,
And didn't weigh more than a pound.
And for years you were as helpless
As that night when first she bore
Her pale-faced, sickly boy in her arms;
But she loved you all the more.
Well, we thought we'd have to part with you—
That He who gives we would take;
But your mother spent sleepless, prayerful nights,
And He didn't for her sake.
So, speak kindly to your mother, Bob—
The question's nothing but right;
She's reason to know where her boy has been
When he stays out late at night.
Answer her mild and gently, boy—
She's still that loving mother—
And when she closes her eyes in death
You'll never have another.

Bayou Sara, La., April 2, 1877.

"THE PITY OF IT."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.



The portrait of a woman. Only a crayon-sketch, revealing the head and shoulders, which arose from a dull, gray, cloudy background, bringing out in bold relief the clear-cut, delicate features. A haughty, handsome face, with repressed fire in the large, dark eyes, and a contemptuous curl to the short, scarlet upper-lip; while over all there seemed to brood a weird sort of fascination, which affected the gazer and forced him to look again.

My friend Landt Arnold, wandering aimlessly about my studio, in turning over a portfolio of sketches had fallen upon it, and a sudden exclamation of surprise from his lips caused me to glance up hastily from the painting on the easel before me.

"Where did you get this picture, Vere?"

Something in the tone of his voice, apart from his usual gay, hearty *insouciance* of manner, surprised me; and I observed that his half-averted face was ashen white, and the hand that held the portfolio shook violently. He dropped the sketch, however, and turned to me with a merry jest; so I dismissed the impression that had crossed my mind, and laid down my pencil.

"I see that you are interested in that portrait, Landt," I remarked. "Well, there's a sad story connected with it. I think it will interest you, for it is something in your line—that is, if a story relating to any other woman than that perfection of a wife of yours will interest you!"

He smiled wearily, threw himself into a lounging-chair, lighted a cigar, and prepared to be bored.

We had been boys together, Landt Arnold and I. He was an actor, steadily advancing in his profession, while I rejoiced in the cognomen of artist; was doing well, had gotten myself into the Academy, and, at the last Exhibition, represented in a good light, had, as the sporting fraternity hath it, "gotten the inside track." We had never had any secrets from each other—never until now. But Landt had gone to Europe some four years before, in connection with his profession; then the troupe had returned without him, and I received no tidings of my friend for many weary months. At last he came home to New York; but since his return he had never mentioned his life over the water, and I had refrained from questioning. Within a year after he came home he had lounged into my studio one morning, with a weary look upon his handsome face.

"I am going to be married on Tuesday week, Vere," he said shortly, "and I want you for best man."

There was something in his manner that repelled comment, even congratulation, and I went through the form in a restrained manner as I accepted his invitation. That was two years before; but since his marriage he had always seemed content and happy—devoted to his wife, of whom he appeared very fond—and in our club was dubbed "The Model Husband." All his natural gayety and good spirits, which he seemed to have left behind him in Europe, had apparently returned to him, and he was my genial friend once more.

As I was saying, I laid my pencil down, lighted my hookah, and began my narrative.

"Be it known, then," cried I gayly, "that the original of that sketch is Mrs. Arncliffe, a member of your profession. By the way, Landt, you must have met her some time."

He shaded his eyes with his hand, and made no answer. I continued:

"She was a poor girl, born in an obscure village in Western New York, but her extraordinary talents—nay, her genius, for she was a genius—soon brought her before the public, and she accepted the life to which fate and circumstance seemed to have designed her—that of an actress. She was proud—the proudest woman I ever saw—and with her pure, untarnished name and her wonderful genius and her unbending will, and, over all, that mighty pride, I felt that hers would be hard lines in the world. Subsequent events proved that I was right.

"Well, she went upon the stage, and her acting surprised and astonished everybody. All the world seemed at her feet; the future showed only rose-colored, and, but for one fatal mistake, Geraldine Arncliffe would have been a happy woman. That mistake was her marriage. Now, I have nothing to advance against marriage in the abstract, and, so do not prepare an eloquent defense and bring forward, per example, the well-known wedded bliss of Mr. and Mrs. Landt Arnold. All that is understood, and, I assure you, appreciated; but this woman, remember, was a genius, and pure, and cursed with a pride like that of Lucifer; and so, can't you imagine her fate, bound to such a man as Arncliffe? A scoundrel, a roue. Bah! the thought of him makes me frantic.

"But she married him; not because she loved him, but because *lead friends* (you know that sort, my boy) had tormented her and goaded her into it by filling her ears with lectures on her imprudence in devoting her life to the calling of an actress without a natural protector. Imagine Arncliffe in that role. Laughable, is it not? And so it was all arranged. From the moment her chains were on, she knew her doom. Fettered to a wretch whose life was one long sin, her existence grew intolerable. Vile and debased, he determined to profit by her beauty and the calling of an actress all deliberately to work for that purpose. Think of the awakening to such a woman!

"At last she went away to Europe on a starring engagement, and opened at the Grand Theatre, in London. Of course her husband accompanied her, and here the torture and agony of her life redoubled, and grew insupportable. Arncliffe managed to associate himself with a lot of young bloods of nobility, the fastest and most dissolute of the brainless dogs who patronize the theatres and the actors, and he became involved in debt and difficulty, playing high and plunging every day more irretrievably into ruin. There was one nobleman, a certain Lord Birmingham, a roue of the first water, in whose clutches Arncliffe became hopelessly entangled. This man had cast his wicked eyes upon Mrs. Arncliffe from the very first, was offensively polite to her, and had been put down in the coolest and most off-hand manner possible. You know how it is, Landt, with such devils—opposition only redoubles their efforts. From the day that Geraldine, coming home from rehearsal, found my Lord Birmingham in her private boudoir, and remarked that she would withdraw until his lordship should be pleased to vacate—from that day, I say, he determined to leave no stone unturned to ruin her pure name, and bow her proud head in the dust of humiliation. And when a creature of the masculine gender makes such a determination, the rest is easily imagined.

"At this time there joined the company a young American actor who was traveling in Europe—a fine actor. I don't know his name. There must, however, have been something noble about him to have gained the respect of Geraldine Arncliffe. He seemed to read her real situation at a glance, but in no way did he display his suspicions. Only by constant care and watchfulness he managed to shield her from much annoyance, and, unsuspected by her, he made her life much easier. And so, of course, as was quite natural, his pity grew into love, and he discovered the truth when it was too late.

"In the meantime Lord Birmingham redoubled his persecutions, and the poor woman's life daily and hourly grew more pitiful. Wherever she went he managed to follow her. He sent her gifts of value, which she coldly and curtly returned to him, and at last, meeting him on the street one day, she cut his lordship dead! That was the last drop in Birmingham's cup. Cut dead by a paltry actress! He went home, his brain teeming with schemes for revenge.

"He had Arncliffe so completely in his toils that he was like a puppet in his hands, and together that night they laid their plans for action—action by which Lord Birmingham would slake his thirst for vengeance, and Arncliffe would receive a receipt in full for all favors due. Of course success crowned their efforts. Whenever *men* plot against a woman's fair fame, there is but one issue—ruin! The company were surprised, but not particularly grieved, soon after, by the news of Arncliffe's death. He had been drowned while out on an excursion in Birmingham's yacht. No one could tell how Mrs. Arncliffe bore the *sad* intelligence, for she was no hypocrite, and kept her private affairs locked up in the secrecy of her own heart. But, as months rolled by, she was still the successful actress, and among the beloved and honored of her profession. And so—and so I must hurry over this part, Landt, for Geraldine Arncliffe was a personal friend of mine, and it hurts me to repeat it. Well, relieved from the incubus of her husband's presence and Lord Birmingham's audacities, her life grew bright and happy. She wore a hopeful look in her face, and her acting was grand. Perhaps the unsuspected influence of a good man's devotion was stealing over her life, and opening new avenues, hitherto untrod by her weary feet. Be that as it may, at last Geraldine awoke to the truth—she loved and was beloved!

"So long had her way lain through shadow and gloom that one cannot censure her for welcoming the glad sunshine, and when the young man besought her to become his wife without further delay she consented, and so one day they were quietly married.

"How happy they must have been! Ah, well, Landt, why should I delay over that one rift in the dark cloud of her existence? We are all born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward!"

Landt was sitting very quiet, his face covered with one hand, and but for the thin, blue rings of vapor that issued from his half-smoked cigar I might have fancied that he had fallen asleep.

"Well," I continued slowly, "their married life was very happy, until at last the end came. It always has to come some time, you know! One night, in the London theatre, Mrs. Arncliffe made her last appearance. Of course it was her benefit, and the house was literally packed from pit to gallery. The play was one peculiarly suited to her powers and style, and her acting surpassed any that had been witnessed on London boards for many a year. Her husband sustained the principal male character, and the play had progressed nearly to the close, when a sudden and awful development took place, and the end came—came like a mighty whirlwind which devastates, and leaves no life, no hope behind.

"Geraldine was on the stage. It was the most intense portion of the play. She was giving up the man whom she loved—voluntarily resigning happiness and peace for misery and discord, because her honor was at stake. The actress seemed like the inspired priestess. Her words, her tones from her white, rigid lips—they who knew the story of her past felt that it was not acting, that it was reality—when, accidentally turning her head, her eyes fell upon the proscenium-box. My God! Landt, it was horrible! There, 'mid the lace draperies of the box, she saw the hated face of Lord Birmingham, and by his side, his wife, with a devilish smile of triumph upon his wicked face, sat Arncliffe, the man who *was* her husband! With a wild shriek of agony she fell upon the stage, and when they bore her away they found that she was dead. And so she perished, the victim of man's baseness, and just as surely murdered as though their coward hands had plunged at her heart the sharp steel of the assassin's knife.

"Well, they buried her away out of sight, and the world, with charming aptitude, forgot that she had ever lived, and I discovered this portrait away down-town the other day, in the dustiest corner of a bric-a-brac shop. Fame, you know, my boy.

"I cannot tell you what became of the man whom she had loved. There were rumors of a duel between him and Arncliffe; some accounts have it that both were killed. I do not know. I only know that Geraldine Arncliffe was a martyr, and merits the love and veneration and reverence of the world!

"Bored you, haven't I, Landt? Sorry; but then I seldom sin in that way. Forgive me this once, and, like the naughty boy, I'll promise never to do it again."

The entrance of a party of artists interrupted further remarks, and, amidst a learned dissertation on distribution of colors, chiara-oscura, etc., I did not observe that Landt had slipped away. A year rolled slowly by. I was working one day at my easel, when a message was delivered to me to come at once, for Landt Arnold was dying. Shocked at the intelligence, I hastened to his side, and found him white and wan and sinking fast. A railroad accident, they explained, and Landt, my poor friend, was one of the victims.

He slipped his white hand into mine, and turned upon my face the dark, lustrous eyes which death was glazing rapidly.

"I am glad you came, Vere," he said simply.

His wife knelt at his side—the wife of his bosom, who for all these years had dwelt beneath his roof and shared his joys and sorrows. She was weeping bitterly.

"He loved me so," she cried in the sharp agony of her heart. "He never hid from me one thought; we had no secrets from each other."

Their married life had been happy. He had been kind and gentle and tender to the woman who bore his name and was his wife—she confidingly imagined that not a thought or an aspiration of his soul had ever been concealed from her knowledge. In the full confidence of her wifely heart, she firmly believed that there was no secret between them—nothing in his life which was unshared by her. And yet between their two lives there rested an impassable gulf, black as the regions of torment.

We sat by his side all that long, dreary, dreadful night. He was conscious of our presence, but the power of speech had left him, and no word fell from his pallid lips. Only I saw that one hand kept clutching over at his breast convulsively, as though striving to grasp at something within.

And so the morning dawned, dull and gray, and with both hands in mine he looked up into my face, his rigid lips unclosed. He whispered faintly the one word "Geraldine!" and so, smiling, died. When he was robed for his last resting-place, I found upon his heart the portrait of a woman, a noble, beautiful face, the face of Geraldine Arncliffe. I did not disturb it, and so his secret went down to the grave with him, and was hidden there; for I knew then—knew "past all doubting, truly"—that he and the young actor of my tale had been one and the same person, and that, sitting in my studio that morning one year ago, I had told him his own story.

And it seems to me that, in this weary world of ours, we bear about with us often the memory of a dead and buried love, in vain we strive to conceal it; we only hide it from the world outside. Our own eyes see it ever, and it haunts us and follows us always. And at the hour of death we forget the man whose name we bear or the woman whom we call wife; and in their stead, back from the grave of the unforgotten past, the pale spectre of our dead love steals forth and sits at our sides, and holds our weary hands, and goes forth with us into the great unknown.

And then? Ah! who can tell?

LILY MELVILLE,

OR THE HAND OF FATE.

A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER XXXV.—CONTINUED.

And in a clear voice he read aloud the important document. It was short, and in plain phraseology signified that one James Clifford of Lausanne, a Swiss canton, bequeathed first the sum of one thousand pounds to the hospital of the sick and incurable at Geneva, and the whole and sole remainder of his estate, which was to be sold and invested by James Fibbs of Shelley Yard, Lincoln's Inn, and the interest forthcoming to be paid immediately to one Clarence Clifford, tutor to Sir Ralph Melville of Rivershall, in the county of Berks, for whose—the said Clarence Clifford's—forgiveness I, a sinful, dying man, do pray and implore. 'Judge not lest ye be judged.'

Divested of its legal verbiage and unnecessary words and legal technicalities, this was the gist of the deed as Mr. Fibbs explained it. Clarence Clifford listened with a fast-beating heart, and at its conclusion covered his face with his hands. Mr. Fibbs, who watched him with dry curiosity, laid the document before him, and waited till the gust of emotion had blown over. Presently the young man looked up.

"One question, sir."

"A hundred, if you please," said Mr. Fibbs significantly. "I am at your service, quite at your service."

"Did you—did you know this gentleman?"

"I had the pleasure of the late Mr. James Clifford's acquaintance. I was his legal adviser."

Mr. Clarence Clifford inclined his head.

"Can you tell me—the slightest shred of information will be eagerly welcomed—anything of him? Was he old—was he—oh, sir, was he my father?"

Mr. Fibbs coughed before replying. The large, eager eyes were fixed upon him, the handsome lips trembling visibly.

"I have no means of knowing," said the lawyer.

"Mr. James Clifford was an exceedingly reserved—I may say close—man. I never learnt anything, even in confidence, from him which would lead me to think he had a son."

"He—he was married?"

"No. A single gentleman. Never married, that I am aware of."

Clarence Clifford groaned, and his face worked. The lawyer politely turned his head aside, and fingered his letters so as not to add to his client's embarrassment. The storm passed—kept down, rather by a strong man's strong will.

"You can tell me nothing of—the testator? You knew him. When did you see him last?"

"Six months ago," said the lawyer. "I was staying at Lausanne for the benefit of my health, and there and then drew up this document."

"When did he—die?" asked the heir, thirsting for information of any sort calculated to set his tortured fears at rest, or turn them to dreadful certainties.

"Mr. James Clifford died—let me see—four months ago in September last. This is the certificate of his death and burial."

Mr. Clifford took it, and perused it with swimming eyes and equally swimming brain; then, suddenly laying the document on the table, startled the lawyer with this question:

"Where is the body?—on its route to and the quickest way of reaching this place, Lausanne!"

"Via Paris," replied Mr. Fibbs. "May I ask if you contemplate the journey?"

The young man nodded.

"I do, sir; this mystery, this dreadful uncertainty, is driving me mad. You expected me—I see it in your face—to go, glide, leap, and go away rejoicing. I tell you, sir, that something else has fallen to me beside the filthy lucre—that is the hope of ascertaining the name and history of my—father."

Mr. Fibbs bowed, utterly unmoved by the suppressed passion and grief proclaiming themselves in the pale, set face and voice.

"I fear, sir," he said, "you will gain little by a visit to Switzerland. Mr. James Clifford lived in strictest seclusion. The faithful servant who died three weeks after his master served as his establishment. He made no friends—indeed, saw no one but his lawyer, who, sir, has the honor to be at your service."

Clarence Clifford listened feverishly, and suddenly a dreadful suspicion flashed through the confusion of his mind. His face flushed a hot crimson, then grew black. Advancing to the table, he leant forward, and, with his eyes fixed scrutinisingly upon the lawyer's face, said, in a low voice:

"Will you tell me—the slightest shred of information will be eagerly welcomed—anything of him? Was he old—was he—oh, sir, was he my father?"

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VANISHING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY SILENTIA.

How they slip, how they slide,
How they hurry and glide,
And go down on the tide
Of the vanishing years;
All our joys, all our pain,
All our loss, all our gain,
And life's sweetest refrain
Bears a burden of tears.

For we come and we go,
And each joy and each woe,
Like the ice and the snow
At the coming of Spring,
Shall pass on from our sight
With each care and delight,
And our sorrows take flight
With the songs which we sing.

All our sunshine and showers,
All earth's vanishing hours,
All the beauty of flowers,
All the light and the shade,
With the passing of years,
And the dripping of tears,
And the hopes and the fears
To their rest shall be laid.

Oh, eternal, sublime,
Is the passage of Time,
For it waits to a cline
Where our tears shall be dried.
Ply, O boatman! thy oar,
And bear safe to that shore
Where the vexing is o'er
Of Life's turbulent tide.

HIS LAST GAME:
A STORY TOLD BY A BARKEEPER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

I am a barkeeper. The business was never to my liking, but it is one which I have been forced to follow for many years. I went into it first because I could find nothing else to do; and I have stuck to it for very much the same reason as a man sticks to State-prison—there hasn't been any opportunity to get out.

During my long experience behind the bar, I have met with many incidents which would furnish material enough for half-a-dozen novels, if I only knew how to put them to proper use. The materials, however, which I am accustomed to handle are of a very different nature from those used in concocting a romance—at which, I fear, I should make but a sorry attempt. Let me, however, relate one story connected with my business, which left so deep an impression on my mind that I have never forgotten its details. I can tell it with a degree of grace and power, with simple truthfulness—which is a virtue under all circumstances.

I was employed, at the time to which I refer, in the well-known wine-room of Bostwick & Barber. The place was then a favorite resort of actors, artists, journalists, and other professional men. Only the best qualities of liquors were sold, and the proprietors prided themselves on keeping a thoroughly first-class saloon. I remember, on the day that I entered the employment of Bostwick & Barber, I noticed a very gentlemanly appearing man, who came into the place in company with three or four friends, and opened a bottle of wine. He was richly dressed, and his manners indicated at once good breeding and good associations. In the evening he came again, and remained until after midnight, drinking freely of champagne, and settling the bill for the entire party.

When he went out I inquired of the cashier who he was.

"Why, that," was the answer, "is Dayton—Tom Dayton. He's one of our best patrons. Comes around every night, and spends piles of money. Did you ever hear of Minnie Lafarge the actress?"

"Often," said I.

"Well, Tom Dayton married her a couple of months ago, and she has retired from the profession. Lucky hit it was for the girl, too. Tom thinks the world of her, and, from what I hear, she does of him. You see, Tom got in with the theatrical people here, and that's how he first got acquainted with his wife."

What the cashier had told me with regard to Tom Dayton's "coming around every night," and "spending piles of money," I found at the end of a week to be true. Not only did he come every night, but pretty nearly every morning, and I never have seen a man who drank as much liquor as did he. I have known him to order a dozen quart-bottles of Piper Heidsick in an evening, and the larger share of it he would drink himself. For a time there seemed to be no ill effects from this excessive indulgence, and during my first month at Bostwick & Barber's I did not see Dayton intoxicated once. After that, however, the liquor—for he gave up wine and took to brandy—began to tell on his constitution. Instead of denying himself, he drank more and more, and the result was that at the end of another month he was taken home almost every night in a state of intoxication.

I had found Tom Dayton so thorough a gentleman that I felt really bad to see him going to the dogs. One morning, when he came into the saloon to get his accustomed "brace-up," I took the liberty of saying:

"Don't you think you are going it a little too hard, Mr. Dayton?"

"You mean in the way of drinking?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, slicing a bit of lemon into the cocktail he had ordered. "A man can't stand the amount of brandy you have been taking of late."

"I've been drinking rather heavily, that's a fact," he said, and then, raising the glass, he added: "But I'm going to shut down on my allowance hereafter—I am, upon my honor!"

In any other matter I should have considered Tom Dayton's honor a very sacred thing; but where liquor was concerned it didn't count for much. He kept right on after that, and, instead of shutting down on his allowance, he increased it steadily.

Up to that time I had supposed that Dayton was a rich man, as he always appeared to have an abundance of money in his pockets. It occurred to me, however, at the rate he was getting rid of it, there would be very little left at the end of a few years. I said something of this sort to the cashier one day, and he rejoined:

"You're right there. Dayton has gone through a big fortune in the last three years. If he doesn't put on the brakes pretty quick, he'll have to go to work for a living—something he never did yet."

If Dayton had acted upon the cashier's advice, and put on the brakes, it is probable that this sketch would never have been written; but, as he didn't, I may proceed.

I have already said that Bostwick & Barber's wine-room was patronized largely by professional men, and that it was the desire of the proprietors to make it a resort of gentlemen exclusively. At about the time when Tom Dayton began to grow reckless, I noticed that he became very intimate with Richard Kempler—a man whom had seen frequently at the bar, and of whom I knew nothing except what I saw. I held my opinion, however, I felt assured that Richard Kempler was not a gentleman. There was something in his manner and style of speech which impressed me unfavorably; and, without knowing exactly why I did so, I came to the conclusion that he was a scoundrel. A very wrong conclusion, as my friend of Dayton's, although I never could see that he did anything to prove his friendship. He was quite ready to drink all the brandy and wine which Tom paid for, but he never gave any orders himself. Of course it was none of my business, one way or the other, but I hated to see a gentleman like Dayton seeking such associates as Richard Kempler.

One night, six months or more after I went to Bostwick & Barber's, I happened to overhear a conversation at one of the tables which surprised me not a little. The speakers were a couple of actors and two or three newspaper men who had come in together and had ordered a bottle of wine. They were talking about stage-matters, when one of them said:

"Did you know that Tom Dayton's wife was going back to her profession?"

"No," said another of the party. "I thought she had retired permanently."

"So did everybody else," resumed the first speaker. "But, you see, Dayton has been going to the devil through drink, and I'm told he has wasted all his money. Minnie Lafarge is not the woman to be dependent on a man who is unable to support her, and so she's going back to the stage."

"Has she got a divorce from Dayton?" inquired one of the newspaper men.

"No," was the answer, "and she'll never get one. She married Tom for love, not for money, and she'll stick by him through thick and thin. If he isn't able to take care of her, why, she'll take care of him, and that is why she has accepted a professional engagement."

Just here Dayton himself entered the room, in company with Richard Kempler, and that put a stop to the conversation.

It could not have been more than a week after I had listened to this bit of gossip when, early one morning, a lady came into the saloon, and inquired for the proprietors. She was neatly dressed, and wore a thick veil, which completely hid her features. Her voice, however, was peculiarly soft and musical, and I felt instinctively that she must be a beautiful woman.

"Both Mr. Bostwick and Mr. Barber are out just now, madame," I said in reply to her interrogatory.

"Are you the bartender?" she asked.

"I am," said I.

She hesitated a moment, as if uncertain how to proceed, and then, dropping her voice almost to a whisper, she inquired:

"You are acquainted with Mr. Dayton, I presume?"

"Yes, madam, I know him very well," was my reply.

"Was he here last evening?"

Among all barkeepers, as among all other classes of men, there is a certain code of honor which is respected in proportion to the character of the place in which they are employed. No statute in that code is held to be more binding than the one which enjoins silence with respect to patrons. It is admissible, of course, to say that John Smith frequents a saloon, but the precise time at which Mr. Smith makes his visits is not to be told. A respectable barkeeper is therefore supposed to cultivate a bad memory. I had no hesitancy about acknowledging to this unknown lady that I was acquainted with Mr. Dayton, and I would have confessed to her with equal frankness that he was a regular customer of Bostwick & Barber's; but, when she came to ask me directly whether he had been there the night before, I felt some conscientious scruples about replying. Perhaps she guessed what was passing through my mind, for, after a moment's pause, she added:

"I am his wife, and have a right to know."

As she uttered these words she raised her veil, and I recognized at once the wondrously beautiful face of Minnie Lafarge. It was very white, and a swollen look about the eyes indicated that she had been weeping. My heart went out to her at once, and, throwing aside all professional reserve, I said to her;

"Mr. Dayton was here last night, madam. He went away between eleven and twelve o'clock."

"Was he—intoxicated?" she asked.

"He had been drinking pretty freely," I answered.

"Please tell me the truth, sir," she said, speaking in a voice which betrayed the deepest emotion. "Was he intoxicated when he left here?"

"He was," I replied.

She pressed her gloved hand against her full bosom, as if in pain, and then, in a calmer tone, she continued:

"He was in the company, I presume, of that man Kempler?"

"Yes, madame; he came and went with him."

For full three minutes after this she stood in silence, with her hand still pressed against her bosom. The fixed gaze of her lustrous blue eyes embarrassed me so that I picked up a champagne-glass and began to polish it with a piece of cloth. At last she spoke again:

"You will pardon me, sir, for what I am about to say, but something in your manner convinces me that I can trust you. I need a friend. May I hope to find one in you?"

I venture to say that no man with a heart in his breast could have refused such an appeal as that from the lips of Minnie Lafarge. I felt a thrill of honest pride as I answered:

"I will do anything in my power, madam, to aid you."

"I felt that you would," was her answer. "First, you must grant a private interview with me. Can it be held here?"

"Certainly," I replied. And thereupon I called to Bowen, the assistant barkeeper, requested him to take my place for a short time, and conducted the lady into the proprietor's private office.

At the expiration of half an hour we came out together, and Mrs. Dayton left the place. What she had disclosed to me during our interview astonished me beyond measure. But I had promised to befriend her, and I made up my mind to keep that promise.

Towards evening, Tom Dayton, in company with Kempler, entered the wine-room. The former, I saw at a glance, had been drinking heavily, while Kempler was perfectly sober.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Dayton as he threw himself into a chair, "luck seems to be against me of late. I believe, upon my honor, if I hadn't backed Longtail to-day he would have won!"

"Well, he came within half a length of it," remarked Kempler.

"Yes," returned Dayton, "but that was just as bad for me as though he had come within half a mile of it. I would like to present these pasteboards to some needy missionary society."

And, so saying, he drew out a number of pool-tickets, and, with a laugh, flung them on the table.

"Never mind, old boy," said Kempler. "Let's open a bottle, and drink to better luck in the future."

In obedience to the order which Dayton gave, I carried them a bottle of Mumm's. This was followed by a number of ponies of brandy, and it was not until nine o'clock that the two men rose to go. Dayton settled the bill, as usual. The moment they had passed out of the wine-room I threw off my apron, which I am accustomed to wear while engaged in my duties, and started after them. I had previously informed Mr. Bostwick that I might take a couple of hours "off" that evening. I had not, however, informed Mr. Bostwick or anyone else that during the day I had taken out my revolver from the drawer where it was usually kept, loaded the six chambers, and placed it in my pocket, in recognition of my unsparing stature that threatened to make him forever the rival of Tom Thumb. But all of a sudden he began to grow out of his clothes, and he is now as tall as the average of full-grown human beings. Over thirty years ago he first emerged from private life into public, but it has been during only the past twenty or so that he has clung to it. In the interim he had stood as a target for Hernandez to pitch his knives at in the impalement feat, and had been an entree and a steeplechase rider in Franconi's Hippodrome, when it occupied the ground where now the Hoffman-avenue Hotel then stood not. Since 1859 he has been engaged professionally in England only, and he may be classed as among the most successful of minstrel managers in either hemisphere. Though for so long a time residing abroad, he is still thoroughly American in his ideas, and noted for the ready and cordial welcome he has for American performers visiting London. This, while it does him honor in many ways, does not detract from his popularity as a manager. Seven years ago, or on Jan. 8, 1870, his daughter Bella made her debut at the Olympic, London, in W. S. Gilbert's "Princess," a whimsical and clever perversion, in blank verse, of Tennyson's poem. There is now a sad pertinence in the reminder that this burlesque was acted in conjunction with the early representations of Andrew Halliday's "Little Em'ly," in which, as Micawber, George Fawcett Rowe acquired his first popularity in London. Subsequently Miss Moore appeared at the Adelphi, at the Strand in the burlesque of "St. George and the Dragon," at the Alhambra in the farce of "Oh, My Head!" and at the Victoria as Cinderella in the burlesque of that name. She was now a humorous actress of bright and decorous style and rare availability. In November, 1872, she began an engagement at the Court Theatre, where she made her last appearance on March 22 following, retiring from the stage upon her union with Mr. Vokes. The recent marriage of Miss Rosina caused a vacancy in the Vokes family, and the former Miss Bella Moore was called upon to fill it, reappearing upon the stage on March 19 last, at Leicester, Eng., in the part originally portrayed by Rosina Vokes in "The Belles of the Kitchen." As we close this paragraph, a letter comes to hand from Mr. Frederick Burgess, partner of Mr. Moore, stating that the latter was on the eve of sailing from Liverpool and would reach this city about the 17th inst.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

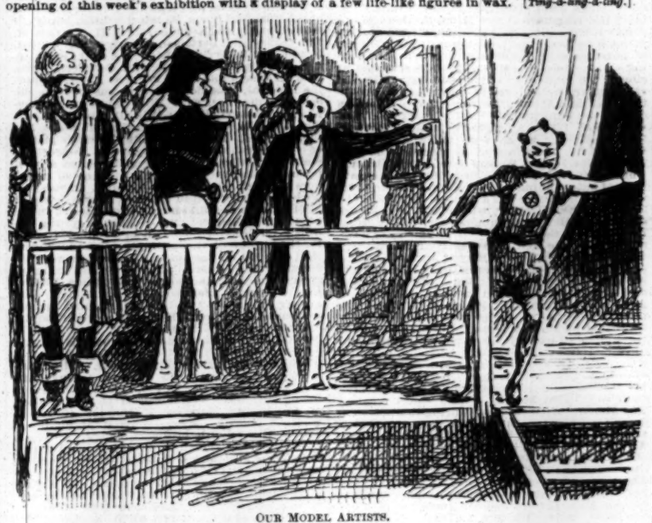
Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

PART I.

OUR WAX-WORKS.

The versatility of the performers and of the entertainments offered by the manager of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER VARIETIES knows no bounds. Whatever the public requires, he can but obey. Be it tragedy, comedy, circus, minstrelsy, or any other form of the classic art, his fertile brain is equal to every emergency. The arrival in the city of a large number of Southern and Western merchants, intent on combining the exactions of business with the pleasures of the show world, induces the opening of this week's exhibition with a display of a few life-like figures in wax. [*Ting-a-ling-a-ling.*]



OUR MODEL ARTISTS.

To the unpracticed eye, these models no doubt have the appearance of reality—the stern features of the bloody Duke of Gloster, the heroic bearing of Commodore Decatur, the spirited pose of the Southern Carpet-bagger, and the picturesque attitude of the circus clown as he suits the action to the word, and vice versa, are all so cleverly designed and faithfully executed, that it is not surprising you should mistake them for real flesh and blood. But we assure you, kind friends, that the figures you see before you are *not* living—they are made of wax and butter. There is no similar exhibition that can be compared to this in the grandeur and magnificence of the subjects we have so artistically moulded to our purpose. While you are perusing these exquisite resemblances of humanity, and endeavoring to satisfy yourselves that they are not reality, we shall have much pleasure in adding to the interest of this great demonstration by bringing forward La Belle Katrina, who will warble a ballad which has just been composed for her at a cost of three thousand dollars. [Mr. Conductor, *if* you please, let the accompaniment be soft and low, like the bass-fiddler's hat, which he will remove.) (*Enter singer.*)

SWEET KATRINA.

[*Enter supers—marching.*]

"Thus far into the bowels of the land have we marched on without impediment," was the encouraging remark which Richmond made to his forces on the eve of the great battle. The services of the gentlemen we bring before you are never properly appreciated. But for them, full many a flower would be born but to blush unseen; but for them, the star of the night would flicker and go out like some of our street-lights. Therefore, we say, treat them tenderly, for they are the humble supporters of our great dramatic temple, though some of them get but twenty-five cents per night.

GOING BACK TO THOSE I LOVE.

BY ANNIE M. CURTIS.

Tender dreams are in my heart,
Going back to those I love;
Care and I shall dwell apart,
Pleasure follows where I rove;
Down the old-time, sinless ways,
Sweet as roses' breath in June,
Floats a fragrant on the breeze,
Of some half-forgotten tune.

Chorus.
Rest has come to aching feet,
Pleasure follows where I rove;
After weary years 'tis sweet—
Going back to those I love.

Joy has smothered every sigh,
Whispers Hope of answered prayer;
Bloom-lit field and arching sky
Once again a glory wear;
Comes no sound of voice unkind
Where my feet unwearied range;
Going back at last to find
Hearts that know not chill or change.

Chorus.
Rest has come to aching feet, etc.

ROUGH ON THE CONDUCTOR.—A secretary commissioned to report as to the manner in which a certain theatre was managed in France reported: "The conductor of the orchestra has not played a note since his arrival. If he contents himself with making gestures, I suggest that he be discharged."

PART II.

"THESE OUR ACTORS."

Shakespeare, the anniversary of whose natal day is now approaching, was a writer of plays, by which he gained great fame; he is also said to have acted in some of his own plays, which showed a confidence in his works that authors of the present day are not slow to commend and emulate. This man could write in a tragic vein, or in a comic style—it made little difference to him; but it was in his grand historical productions that the power of his mighty intellect shone with the greatest resplendence. His are no one-horse works—it requires the intellect of a very exalted performer to fill the bill when Mr. Shakespeare is presented to our notice. It is to his superior judgment of the taste and abilities of human nature that we are indebted for the presentation, in his play, of the gentlemen who will now pass before you as warriors in the mimic strife which rages with such impetuosity on the bloody field of Bosworth.

[*Enter supers—marching.*]

OUR MOTTO-SINGER.

The well-dressed and nobby-looking gentleman you see before you is the celebrated lyric artist, Signor Belisario. His real name, however, is John Jacobson, and he is a native of Cohoes, in this State; but this fact is never permitted to reach the public ear. We pay him three hundred dollars per week, just for singing one song at each entertainment. This is the highest salary ever paid for such light work, by any variety manager. He will now sing:

It's Very Hard to Say.

TO MRS. HARRY THOMPSON,
BY JOHN MCVEIGH.

So many songs of late are sung,
And so many mottoes told,
That to circulate another one
To some may seem quite bold;
But still I have made up my mind
To put it in my song,
But whether it will please or not,
Why, it's very hard to say.

Chorus.—Yes, very hard to say, my boys—
Yes, very hard to say;
I hope it will, at any rate,
Though it's very hard to say.

Some people say that times are hard,
Worse than in former years;
And that the future will be worse
They express in words their fears.
The causes they assert to be
Our official frauds each day;
But if they themselves could see
It would be very hard to say.

Chorus.—Yes, very hard to say, my boys, etc.

You'll often hear a man condemn
His neighbor's every sin;
Call him a rascal, thief and fraud,
While he tries to injure him;
But if he'd only stop to think
And argue in this way:
"Have I no cause of these defects?"
Then it's very hard to say.

Chorus.—Yes, it's very hard to say, my boys, etc.

So, as we jog along through life,
Let's take this as our plan—
Let times be good or be they bad,
We'll do the best we can
To alleviate each other's wrongs,
Be they what'er they may.
By doing this there are many words
That won't be hard to say.

Chorus.—That won't be hard to say, my boys, etc.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS--CLIPPER SERIES, NO. XIII.

MISS BELLA MOORE.

This lady's recent resumption of stage-life is the opportunity for reproducing her portrait from the columns of *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. She is the wife of Frederick Vokes of the talented Vokes Family, and the daughter of George Washington Moore, coproprietor of Moore & Burgess' London Minstrels for the past dozen years. In this city, where he was born, he is known better by the sobriquet of "Pony" Moore, bestowed on him in boyhood in recognition of his unaspiring stature that threatened to make him forever the rival of Tom Thumb. But all of a sudden he began to grow out of his clothes, and he is now as tall as the average of full-grown human beings. Over thirty years ago he first emerged from private life into public, but it has been during only the past twenty or so that he has clung to it. In the interim he had stood as a target for Hernandez to pitch his knives at in the impalement feat, and had been an entree and a steeplechase rider in Franconi's Hippodrome, when it occupied the ground where now the Hoffman-avenue Hotel then stood not. Since 1859 he has been engaged professionally in England only, and he may be classed as among the most successful of minstrel managers in either hemisphere. Though for so long a time residing abroad, he is still thoroughly American in his ideas, and noted for the ready and cordial welcome he has for American performers visiting London. This, while it does him honor in many ways, does not detract from his popularity as a manager. Seven years ago, or on Jan. 8, 1870, his daughter Bella made her debut at the Olympic, London, in W. S. Gilbert's "Princess," a whimsical and clever perversion, in blank verse, of Tennyson's poem. There is now a sad pertinence in the reminder that this burlesque was acted in conjunction with the early representations of Andrew Halliday's "Little Em'ly," in which, as Micawber, George Fawcett Rowe acquired his first popularity in London. Subsequently Miss Moore appeared at the Adelphi, at the Strand in the burlesque of "St. George and the Dragon," at the Alhambra in the farce of "Oh, My Head!" and at the Victoria as Cinderella in the burlesque of that name. She was now a humorous actress of bright and decorous style and rare availability. In November, 1872, she began an engagement at the Court Theatre, where she made her last appearance on March 22 following, retiring from the stage upon her union with Mr. Vokes. The recent marriage of Miss Rosina caused a vacancy in the Vokes family, and the former Miss Bella Moore was called upon to fill it, reappearing upon the stage on March 19 last, at Leicester, Eng., in the part originally portrayed by Rosina Vokes in "The Belles of the Kitchen." As we close this paragraph, a letter comes to hand from Mr. Frederick Burgess, partner of Mr. Moore, stating that the latter was on the eve of sailing from Liverpool and would reach this city about the 17th inst.

ANDREW HALLIDAY.

This favorite dramatist, who seemed to ignore translations, and adapted the stories of standard English novelists, rather than the works of foreign playwrights, if Victor Hugo be excepted, died in or near London on April 10. He was born in Banffshire, Scotland, in 1830, and the name by which he was known to the public was but two-thirds of his full one—Andrew Halliday Duff. Educated at Marischal College and University, Aberdeen, he early exhibited a decided leaning towards a literary life by contributing sketches and verses to local journals. Going to London, he made literature a profession, being engaged at first on *The Morning Chronicle*, and afterwards on *The Leader*, *The Cornhill Magazine*, and *All the Year Round*. Among the earliest of his dramatic efforts was his burlesque of "The Mountain Dhu," which was the Christmas novelty at the Adelphi in 1866. It is deserving of mark that nearly every one of his plays had its initial production in London. About the only exception we can now note is his farce of "A Teetotal Family," produced at the Royal Alexandra, Liverpool, April 7, 1869, and scarcely heard of again. Probably it was in the three-act drama of "Daddy Gray" that he was first presented to a New York audience. This piece, originally seen on Feb. 1, 1868, at the Royalty, where it was kept on for upwards of one hundred nights, was produced at the Fifth-avenue Theatre in December, 1869, with E. L. Davenport in the title-role. After "Daddy Gray" came "The King o' Scots," at Drury-lane, Sept. 26, 1868. It was also brought out Oct. 16, 1869, at Sadler's Wells, and on March 21, 1870, at Astley's, with the veteran Samuel Phelps, who was the original at Drury-lane, as King James and Trapbois. Then came the two-act serio-comic drama of "A Loving Cup," at the Royalty, Nov. 26, 1868, and "Checkmate," two-act comedy, also at the Royalty, July 15, 1869. His "Little Em'ly," as familiar in this country as G. F. Rowe's recital of the distresses of Wilkins Micawber, was brought out at the Olympic on Oct. 9, 1869, where it had a prosperous run, being revived on June 27. On Sept. 5, 1870, it was transferred to the Standard, and on Nov. 28 produced at the Victoria. His "Great City" was another work of excellence, and was produced notably at the Surrey on Nov. 8, 1869. "Love's Doctor" followed at the Royalty on Jan. 27, 1870, and that was succeeded on April 4 by the five-act drama, by "For Love or Money," which George Honey produced at the Globe, Boston, Sept. 13, 1875. At Drury-lane, on Sept. 24, 1870, was first enacted his "Amy Robsart," which at the Royal Alfred, on the following Nov. 12, was followed by another author's "Kenilworth, or the Gentle Amy Robsart." The subject was as old as Sir Walter Scott, and had been treated at the Adelphi by J. R. Planche as early as 1830-1, with Mrs. Waylett as Amy. Mrs. D. P. Bowers and Miss Adelaide Neilson have familiarized Americans with the play. Mr. Halliday's works in 1871 were "Notre Dame," "Rebecca," the former in three acts and the latter in four. London saw that year "The Bellringer of Notre Dame" and "A Legend of Notre Dame," by other authors. Halliday's version, a new treatment of another old subject, ran from Easter Monday to the close of November. It was seen in this country in 1873-4 by T. C. King the English tragedian. His "Rebecca," derived from Scott, and being "The Jewess" in another form, was produced at Drury-lane on Sept. 23, 1871. In 1872 he brought out "Hilda, or the Miser's Daughter," and "The Lady of the Lake" (four acts, Drury-lane, Sept. 21). "Hilda" was in 1873 in this country, and in Ainsworth's novel, and ran at the Adelphi from April 1 to the close of the season, in July. His four-act drama of "Heart's Delight," having Dickens' "Dombey & Son" as its basis, was first performed on Dec. 17, 1873, at the Globe; and at Drury-lane, on Sept. 26, 1874, his "Richard Coeur de Lion," also in four acts, and based on Scott's "Talisman," had its primary production. At the Adelphi, on March 20, 1875, his "Nicholas Nickleby" was first performed, the late George Belmore being in the cast. At the end of the year it was superseded by a revival of his "Little Em'ly," which, the most popular of his pieces, was perhaps the last played in London in his lifetime. He had long been in feeble health, and his death was not unexpected. He was the son of the Rev. William Duff, a Scotch minister, and is said to leave in this country a brother who at one time was connected with the general post-office in Chicago, Ill.

SPECIES OF LIONS.—Upon the authority of M. Gerard, the famous slayer of these beasts, we are told that no less than three species are found in Algeria, viz., the black lion (*el adrea*), the fawn-colored lion (*el aafar*), and the gray lion (*el sarouel*). In parts, at least, of Asia, as in Africa, the idea is likewise entertained that there is more than one species of lion. Layard, in his "Nineveh and Babylon," says that, on the river Karoom, he had seen lions with a long, black mane, and goes on to say: "The inhabitants of the country make a distinction between them and the common maneless lion: the former are '*bajir*,' or infidels, the other Musulmans, though the belief of there being two or more kinds of lion, not only in Southern and Northern Africa, but in Asia, is, as shown, pretty general; yet great naturalists, on the contrary, assure us there is only one species in the world, and that the difference observable amongst these animals in regard to size, color, etc., is solely attributable to the effects of climate, soil, food, age, or other circumstances.

PAY OF ENGLISH SOLDIERS AND MARINES.—The pay of officers of the marines and of officers of the army in Great Britain are identical, but there is a difference in the pay of the men. A soldier now receives 1 shilling a day for pay, and for the first 12 years of service 2 pence a day of deferred pay and free rations. The pay of marines—of a marine on shore is 1 shilling 2 pence a day and 1 penny a day for beer-money; but 1½ pence is deducted for rations, so that his net pay on shore is 10½ pence, or just about 19 cents. When afloat he receives 1 shilling 2 pence a day and free naval rations. As the marine serves half his time on shore and half afloat, his average net pay is 1 shilling and a farthing. The pay of a sergeant in the army is in excess of the pay of a sergeant in the marines.

THE COLUMBIA-STREET THEATRE, Cincinnati, O., in 1829.

E. Henry Carter of Cincinnati, O., who saw the performance of "It being his first visit to a theatre, contributes the bill of which a copy is appended. Mr. Raymond was drowned in this city in 1832; Alexander Drake died about 1830; Mr. Palmer died in Charleston, S. C., in 1833; James M. Scott died in this city May 1, 1849; Blanchard was a circus-manager, who furnished the horses—he died in Louisville, Ky., in 1837; Master William Blanchard, who subsequently traveled with Barkham Cony and dogs, died in London, Eng., Sept. 20, 1859; Mrs. Fosdick, who subsequently married Edwin Dean, and became the mother of the late Julia Dean-Hayne-Cooper, died some years ago; Miss Elizabeth Blanchard, a daughter of the circus-manager, besides being a fine equestrienne, displayed some talent as an actress; Eliza Petrie (Mrs. Place) died in Washington, D. C., July 7, 1855; Mr. Langton died some years ago; Mr. and Mrs. Rowe are living in retirement in New Orleans, La. The theatre, which was the only one in Cincinnati at the time, was located on the south side of Columbia street, between Main and Sycamore streets, and was under the management of Alexander Drake.

THEATRE.

Second night of
TIMOUR THE TARTAR.

The managers respectfully inform their patrons and friends that, in order to give effect to this beautiful melo-drama, they have procured the
HORSES AND RIDERS OF THE CIRCUS
to fill the wrinkles department, and several characters of the dramatic personæ of the piece.
ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 14, 1829,
will be presented the grand melodramatic spectacle, as written by M. G. Lewis, author of "The Castle Spectre," called
TIMOUR THE TARTAR.

Timour the Tartar	Mr. Raymond
Ogton, his father	A. Drake
Bermiddon, principal officer	Palmer
Drassman, Georgian chief	Mr. Stith
Octor	Scott
Georgians and Tartars	By the company
Adalac	Thornton
Sandbalk and Kerim, two rival chiefs	Blanchard and Garcia
Agib, a Mingrelian child, prisoner to Timour	Master Blanchard
Loreida, Princess of Mingrelia	Mrs. Fosdick
Liska, sister to Timour	Miss Blanchard
Selima	Miss Petrie

In the course of the piece will be exhibited all those astonishing performances by the horses which have been most deservedly the wonder of admiring crowds—their tractability in grand combats, scaling the ramparts, leaping water-falls, flying leaps through breaches, and, still more wonderful, their dying scenes, in which the agony of expiring animals is so wonderfully depicted.
In the course of the evening Miss Blanchard will dance
A PAS SEUL.
National song of "Harry Bluff" by Master Leslie.
Previous to the grand drama, the company will perform the admired piece of
THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

The General	Mr. Drake	Marquis	Mr. Palmer
Matthias	Mr. Henry	Sebastian	Mr. Stith
Flora	Mrs. Fosdick	Nicholas	Mr. Langton
Julia	Mrs. Petrie	Lambert	Mr. Rowe
Chery	Mrs. Rowe		

Doors to be opened at half-past five, and performance to commence at half-past six o'clock. Prices of admission—To the first tier of boxes and pit, 75c.; to the second tier, 50c.; to the gallery, 25c. No money can be received at any of the doors; admission must be obtained by tickets. Tickets and places for the boxes can be had at the box-office every day of a performance from ten in the morning until two in the afternoon, and from five until nine in the evening. Tickets may be also had at Captain Cromwell's Hotel, and the Shakespearian and Columbus Coffee-houses.

FOOLING THE TICKET-SELLER.—The boys of Winnemucca, Nevada, had some fun with a showman. They formed a line from the ticket-office extending around a near corner. Each asked the price of admission, and, when being told that it was fifty cents, shook his head, said it was too dear, retired, and fell in at the rear of the line. This was kept up until the showman, astounded by the unanimity and seemingly great number, reduced the charge, and then every boy cleared out.

THE LATE "NAPOLEON FOSTER."

After three days of illness, this patriarch in almost all that pertains to the American stage or its amphitheatre died in this city on April 9 last. Joseph C. Foster was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on Jan. 31, 1804. Those who survive him can know but little of his early life. Says the only biographical sketch of him we have seen:

In his earlier years he was a playactor in the British provinces, and later he assisted in the production of pantomimes in Astley's Amphitheatre, in the Adelphi, and in the Haymarket. He came to this country in 1832 with the celebrated Cooke's Circus, from London, and the company opened the Vauxhall Gardens, at Eighth street and the Bowery, this city. Therein, under Foster's direction, "St. George and the Dragon" and "Mazeppa, the Wild Horse of Tartary," were produced.

It is possible that his remarkable talent for pantomimic marvels and splendors found scope at Astley's and at the Adelphi, London, but it could have had no place at the Haymarket, which knew not of pantomime until Dec. 26, 1853, when Lydia Thompson impersonated Little Silverhair in "The Three Bears." It is not possible that he produced "Mazeppa" at Vauxhall Gardens in 1832, inasmuch "as the wild steed of the Ukraine" was first seen in America at the then new Amphitheatre (Richmond-hill Theatre) in Varick street, on April 18, 1833, although when it was revived at the Bowery Theatre on Feb. 20, 1837 (it had been originally produced at that house on July 23, 1833), he may have participated indirectly in its four weeks' run, as Thomas Cooke's stud of horses certainly did. It is not much more than possible that he produced "St. George and the Dragon" at Vauxhall in 1832, and at all events its first recorded performance in this city took place at the Park Theatre on March 29, 1837, Cooke's company participating. As to his having come here in 1832 with Cooke's Circus, that circus did not reach here until early in 1837, its first recorded appearance in America being on March 25, at the Park Theatre, in "Guilliver and the Lilliputs." While he was doubtless with them at the Park and Bowery Theatres, his name has not so been preserved; and we first find it mentioned in the Fall of 1837, when he was of the company with which, on Aug. 28, Thomas Cooke opened the new amphitheatre, corner of Ninth and Chestnut, Philadelphia, among the dramatic company being William Warren, now of Boston, and his sisters, Junius Brutus Booth as Hamlet was the initial attraction, and on Nov. 20 the late N. H. Bannister's famous spectacle of "The Destruction of Jerusalem" was brought out on a grand scale. Foster had come from the Adelphi, London, and now had charge of the properties, etc., with Cooke's Circus. Cooke closed on Dec. 20, 1837, and Foster went with him to the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore. There they were burned out, and they returned to Philadelphia, opening at the Walnut-street Theatre on April 2, 1838, and producing "Mazeppa" (in which Foster did Rudzloff the chamberlain), "The Cataract of the Ganges," "Timour the Tartar," and "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," with Foster as Napoleon, his pet role. Cooke closed on May 25, and removed to England. Foster now, how he he and his wife were of the company with which the Baltimore Amphitheatre, built on the site of the Front-street Theatre, was dedicated by F. C. Wemyss on Dec. 3, 1838.

It was in Philadelphia that his genius for spectacular effects first found adequate expression. The late William E. Burton opened the new National Theatre, as lessee, on Aug. 31, 1840. The new enterprise, which had promised much, grew discouraging. As a last resort Burton ventured into the domain of spectacle. Seizing upon "Lurline, or the Spirit of the Rhine," out of which the late Francis Courtney Wemyss had some years before constructed "The Maid of Cashmere" in opposition to Mme. Celeste's "La Bayadere" at a rival house, Burton built up a three-act drama which he called "The Naiad Queen." The late J. R. ("Russell") Smith, afterwards of panoramic fame, did the scene-painting, and Foster was called in to arrange the scenes, traps, transformations, marches, etc. Burton played Schnapps, Ed. Shaw was Sir Rupert, Eliza Petrie was Coraline, Mrs. Plumer was Fluvina, and Charlotte Cushman, heading an Amazonian band of one hundred, was the Naiad Queen. The crowning triumph of stage mechanism was in the scene depictive of the Lurlie grotto baths, not a "wing" being visible, and the entire area of the stage being converted into a circle. The magnificence of "The Naiad Queen" had never been equaled upon the American stage, and the major honors of the grand production were shared by Foster and Smith. During Burton's reign at the National quite a number of pieces from Foster's pen, which could be either creative or adaptive, as occasion required, were brought to light. Among the productions he directed were "The Seven Champions of Christendom" (really "St. George and the Dragon" over again), "Tippo Salb," and "The Invasion of Russia." The last, in which he himself personated Napoleon, derived added grandeur from the employment of a stud of forty horses. From the National he went to the Walnut, where, on Aug. 20, 1841, he superintended the production of "The Water Queen, or the Sprites of Donau." This was a medley of "Undine," "Lurline," and "The Naiad Queen," E. L. Davenport playing what was called Sir Hildebrand, and Tom Hadaway doing comic business as Tietwig. At the same house, on July 29, 1844, he brought out his "Munchausen, or the Sorcerer of the Green Isle," which was followed on Aug. 1 by his military drama of "Napoleon Bonaparte," with himself in his favorite title-role. This was supplemented on New-Year's Day, 1846, by his "Young Napoleon and His Father," he being, of course, the inevitable father. The year 1846 witnessed one of his greatest successes, viz., "The Enchantress," which, several years later, was a feature at the Walnut, Philadelphia, under Peter Richings' stage-management, and which the Seguins ran for twenty nights at the Broadway Theatre, this city, in the Spring of 1849. This musical spectacle, which still has possession of the stage, was first produced, under Foster's personal direction, at the Chatham Theatre, this city, on May 25, 1846, and had a run of two weeks—noteworthy for those days, and remarkable for that house of many and rapid changes.

During the season of 1846-7 he was stage-manager of the Philadelphia Amphitheatre, where, on April 24, 1847, he brought out his cold-earth-and-salt-water spectacle of "Victory upon Victory, or Triumphs on Land and Sea," and for his benefit, on May 1, "The War in Mexico," also making his first appearance that season in the equestrian roles of Don Quixote, Robert Macaire, and El Tauridor d'Espagna (the bullfighter of Spain) "on a single steed." As stage and equestrian manager of Welsh's Amphitheatre, in the same city, in 1847-8, he fairly crammed the programmes with spectacular pieces of his own invention either wholly or in part. Among these productions were "The Horse-thief's Leap," in which the late A. J. A. Neadle and Miss Mary Duff, together with Mrs. John Drew (then Mrs. Mossop), took part; "The Black Rider" (often revived); "The Triumph of Rough and Ready," with Foster as Gen. Zachary Taylor; "The Wreckers," in which Joseph Jefferson, now a rising painter in London, Eng., played Timothy Fleece; the pantomime of "The World Reformed," "The Bullfighter of Spain," "Captain Kydd," and "The Naiad Queen." The last was not the Burton production of eight years before, but another clever rehabilitation of "The Spirit of the Rhine," while "Captain Kydd, or the Witch of Hurigate," was merely

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

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NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be *prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Apr. 16.

LADIES' LIST.

Atkinson, Maude (of Johnston's Co.)
Anderson, Joseph ine
Alexander, Laura
Booth, Agnes
Beaumont, Nellie (of Soldene's Co.) 2
Burns, Nellie
Burdean, Mrs. Jane
Brandt, Mrs. (Opera vocalist)
Bidwell, Helene D.
Clifton, Minnie (of Comic Sp'ritist)
Clifton, Blanche
Coulson, Mrs. Frank
Cortright, Mrs. Nellie
Conway, Lizzie 8c.
Combs, Mabel
Clancey, Ellen
Campbell, Mrs. R. E.
Carroll, Sarah E.
Coleman, Mary
Douglas, Fannie (of "The London")
Dacy, Annie 15c.
Dunham, Mrs. Christie
Dillon, Mrs. Mary Louise
Dearden, Annie
Dimple, "Dollie"
Doyle, Rosa
Davis, Ella
Duvall, Eliose (2
Emmett, Nellie
Elberts, Kittie B.
Exod, Hazel
Egberts, Nannie
Eagan, Mrs. H. W.
Fairmont, Belle
Fisk, May
Francis, Lillie (velocipedist)
Goss, Mrs.
Gaugain, Marie
Gerry, Emma M.
Golden, Laura
Glassford, Mrs. A.
Gray, Maggie
Howitt, Belle
Harrison, Miss H. 6c.
Harrison, Lizzie (of Bella Union)
Hindle, Annie
Herbert, Emilie (2)
Howard, Minnie
Jacobs, Mrs J. M.
Kennedy, Florence 18c.
Kimberley, Bessie (of "Zig Zag" Co.)
Kneass, Mrs. Nelson
Kingsley, Miss C. C.
Lindsay, Jennie (of Leon Family)
Lawrence, Nellie
Lillian, Grace
Lang, Ione (2)
Lyle, Louise M.
Lipscome, Sarah
Lee, Georgie
Lawrence, Emma
May, Etta
McCarthy, Mrs. Chas.
Morelle, Fannie (of Soldene's Co.)
Morton, Jennie (of Statue Co.)
Murray, Lottie
McDonald, Nellie
Morgan, Etta
McDonale, Mrs.
Miles, Mrs. Allie
Norton, "Wash"
Norton, Alice (of Soldene's Co.)
Nareross, Hallie
Newman, Mrs. M. J.
Needham, Miss
Neilson, Miss 6c.
Palmer, Laura 2)
Purnell Sisters
Plympton, Eben
Paul, Genie
Pressey, Miss E. J
Phillips, Annie
Pomeroy, Louise
Phillips, Adelaide
Piequett, Minnie
Pendy, Mrs. John
Palmer, Laura
Richards, Bella
Raymond, Augusta
Ramage, Lizzie
Rosenburg, Bettie 6c.
Robert, Miss M. (late of "Zig Zag" Co.)
Ruperte, Florence
Ransom, Alice
Ravel, Mrs. Sophia
Riddell, Kate
Remington, "Daisey"
Robinson, Mrs. Harry
Radcliffe, Mrs. A. M.
Strauss, Sophia
Stetson, Mrs. E. P.
Stanhope, Adeline
Smith, Mrs. "Sol"
Shanley, Josie
Saurez, Mad.
Thompson, Mrs. Mary
Turner, Kittie (late of Cleveland, O.)
Vincent, Ida 6c.
Vesey, Clara
Von Hilleron, Bertha
Wentworth, Lottie
Wood, Fannie
Wilson, Julia (of Whitcomb's Co.)
West, Eva
Wood, Mrs. Rose
Williams, Mollie (late of Chicago)
Wren, Martha 5c.
Wood, Blanche (vocalist)
Wyndham, Alice
Wilson, Julia
Zanfretta, Josie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Arnold, Thos. H.
Allen, W. Lawrence
Abbott, Chas. M.
Aiken, A. W.
Allen, "Johnny"
Adams, Grimaldi
Allewell, Wm.
Aikens, F. 5c.
Allen, Paul (of "Big 4")
Birdue & White
Breyer, W. V.
Bisbee, Frank
Brown, David (late of New York)
Blair, Wm.
Beck's, G. (of Dargon's Co.)
Brown, Chas. (of Steven's Co.)
Blaich, C. F.
Bates, H. (of Howe's Circus)
Bray, W. H. (Dutch "biz")
Bach, Frank E. 5c.
Bagley, Wm. (Circus "biz")
Bray, Walter
Bray, Harry (of Reese & Bray)
Bryant, "Billy" (of Boy, Man, Rooster)
Budworth, H. (of Woodson & Budw.)
Berkley, Jno. W. (minst. "biz")
Burnett, "Al"
Bruffey, E. C.
Ball, Gus 5c.
Buckley, Murdock
Buckley, H. (of Jno. Thompson's Co.)
Booker, "Johnny"
Blossom, "Nat"
Benjamin, Harvey
Barr, George
Bardwell, T. H.
Bailey, G. F.
Brewster, Geo.
Bell, Sc.
Blaisdell, W. B.
Brown & Eggleston
Barnes, "Joe" H.
Cowdrey, J. A.
Clark, Jas. (banjo-maker)
Clarke, "Kit"
Cameron, John
Carson, Jr., "Kit"
Chrisman, Saml. W.
Crawford, J. W.
Crosby, Wm.
Carleton, Wm.
Caywood, Chas. C. (2)
Chase, Wm.
Cross, E. G.
Collins, C. (with W. H. Gunn)
Cassim, James (2)
Cenette, Sig.
Christy & Fields
Carter, Lewis
Cooley, H. (of Cooley & Co.)
Campbell, C. (late of England)
Clark, H. (agent)
Chipman, Z.
Cambridge, A. G.
Crawford, Jas. W.
Cobb, Willis
Carroll, Wm. (of minst. biz)
Coburn, F.
Converse, F. B.
Connors & Mudge
Clark, T. (late of Haynes', Sprinfild)
Carrillo, Ramon J.
Campbell, C. W.
Crowell, H.
Coulson, Frank
Fuller, C. W. (agent)
Guise, A.
Gough, Jno. B.
Gurr, Harry
Goodall, Jr., J. N. 3c.
Gitts, Wiola
Goodwin, Chas. M.
Gittelle, L. (of Olympic, N. Y. City)
Giesey, Harry (agent)
Grundy, T. (of Soldene's Co.) 3c.
Goroux, Emile
Gardner, Master "Charlie"
Gilbert, M. B.
Gosche, J. (manager)
Gardiner, Chas. R.
Goshen, Col. Routh
Gilday, Chas.
Gunn, W. H.
Glassford, Jr., A.
Graham, E. H. (2)
Graver, B. H.
Heywood, W. (of Heywood & Broc.)
Hall, Mills
Harbach, "Will"
Hall, J. O.
Hitchcock, A. H.
Height, "Bob" (2)
Hogan, John
Hurley & Marr
Hart, "Tony"
Henry, Mr.
Howard, "Johnny"
Holcombe, Chas. J.
Howes, F. J. (of Howes' Cush. Circ.)
Haywood, Wm.
Hill, H. B.
Herwig, G. (leader)
Huntley, S. L.
Hutchinson, A. B.
Hill, E. G.
Hirman, Prof. S.
Howard, Jno. A.
Hicks, R. B.
Hummer, Wm.
Hil, G. A.
Harrison, "Charlie"
Hennessey, J. (of Hennessey Bros.)
Herrington, Chas.
Hamilton, "Sam" (juggler)
Huthman, M.
Hogan & Emerson
Hayden, C. (circus "biz")
Hodges, D. B.
Hawley & Sharp
Hanlon Geo.
Howard, J. (of Howard's Co.)
Hamilton, Winfred
Hagar, J. M.
Hanley, M. W.
Howe, Ry. M.
Jefferson, C. B.
Johnson, T. R.
Jordan, Chas. C. (of Plantation Minst.)
Johannoff, Chas. 5c.
Jordan, Chas. C.
Jarbee, R. B.
Johnson, L. (with "Ten. Jub" Co.)
Karmendy, C. (of Kellogg Op. Co.)
Kine, J. (of Wagner's Minst.)
Krom, Ed.
Kalston, Chas.
Killeen, Michl.
Kelley, Arthur C.
Kernan, Jas.
Knight, Fred. W.
Kent, Frank
Kernell, J. (of "Tony" Pastor Co.)
Kinney, N. B.
Kendrick, T. J.
Kinsley, S. G.
Kelly, Ed. (of Kelly & Leon)
Kendall, H. A.
Kent, Julian
Kehoe, Jas. "D."
Lee, John J.
Leavitt, M. B.
Lenton, Frank A.
Lohn
Lawrence, Wm.
Leopold, Frank
Leavitt, M. B.
Lavache, Fred.
Lee, J. H. (of Adams & Lee)
Leopold, Ed. (gymnast)
Lyle, W. E.
Lee, J. H. (of Carncross & Dix Minst.)
Little, Chas.
Le Viola, — (gymnast)
Lennox, G. H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
McIntyre, H. D. "Manager"
McCarthy, Chas. "Manager"
Mitchell's Dram. Co.
McCall, D. J. (2)
McVicker & Sandlack's Co.)
Mahney, M. J. P.
Maurice, T. F.
Moore, W. W.
Morrissey, J. (of "Harpo Bro's Co.")
Merith, Harry
Montforth, Frank
Morelle, F. (late of Bella Union)
McGlouin, Peter
Moak, J. A.
McWade, Robt.
McCollum, J. C.
Morrissey, Jno. (minst. "biz")
Murphy, J. (of Murphy & Mack)
Margenstein, Wm.
Miron, N. (of Germania Theatre)
Morgan, "Matt"
Morse, W. E.
McCarthy, C. (of Hickey & McCarth.
Murray, Dominick
Martinetti, Harry
Mortimer, Jas.
Manager of Murphy
Matthews, C. C.
McVeigh, John
Markhoff, John
Mackley, Fred.
Maryon, Theophilus
McGill, Wm.
Mack, J. (of Worden & Mack)
Muller & Mager
Newton, Chas. E.
Naylor, "Billy"
Nicholls, R. Hamilton 5c.
Nutt, Major
Nobles, Milton
Nutt, Commod.
Nosman, "Billy"
Nelson, J. (of De Bar's Op. Ho.)
Nelson & Woods
Orrin, Geo. W.
O'Brien, P. (gymnast)
O'Brien, "Ted"
O'Lynn, Bryan
Primrose, Geo.
Pollard, Prof.
Pastor, A.
Parsons, O. H.
Peel, "Billy" (c Heywood's Co.)
Petts, Ed. W.
Polk, D. F.
Patten, M.
Pritchard, Robt.
Perkins, Milton
Primrose & West
Peasley, John
Quinlan, "Johnny"
Robinson, Silas
Raymond, Frank
Dutch "biz"
Robinson's Band
Ringers
Rosston, Jno.
Robinson, "Yankee"
Reed, T. D.
Richards, O. E.
Ryan, T. (of Wallack's Co.)
Riker, "Jerry"
Raymond, C. B.
Rostetter, W. J.
Robins, H.
Rayner, Harry
Rollande, Wm. C.
Robinson, E. ("bones")
Rowin, Chas.
Rankin, McKee
Robinson, H.
Ryder's Bell R., Manag.
Roberts, N. D. (2)
Rice, "Dan" (circus prop.)
Roe, G. F. (of Kiralfy's Co.)
Rich, Bernard Co.)
Rooney, "Pat"
Stickney, Robt.
Seymour, O. T.
Sexton, Sig.
Spaulding, W. P. 5c.
Simmons, E. (of Howe's Circ.)
Simmons & Slocum
Smith, E. P. (of Georgia Minst.)
Sherman, W. (agent)
Stiles, John
Shelley, W. (of Janeway's Co.)
Smith, J. J. (of International Circ.)
Slate, Harry
Stuebgen, Prof. F.
Snow, "Eddie" (of Cole's Circ.)
Sargent, H. J.
Smith, "Sol"
Slocum, E. N.
Soulen, E. A.
Spears, J. A.
Steere, L. M. W.
Sutherland, J. (late of Baltimore) (2)
Sawyer, A. W. (2)
Studley, J. J.
Salisbury, Geo. R.
Stuttz, J. G.
Stanford, Oliver
Stanley, Burton
Stanwood, Harry
Stevens, Robt.
Sanyeah, Benedi
Stuart, Walter H.
Stiles, John 6c.
Simon, J. A. (manager)
Stevens, "Charley" (candy "biz")
Stanley, Ernest
Thayer, Dr. J. S.
Turner, "Dick"
Tenbrck, R.
Trexler, F.
Thompson, G. B.
Taylor, Jas.
Tolby, Harry
Tucker Brothers
Templeton, John
Tripler, W. S.
Thompson, W. (of Thompson, J. (of Cook's Show)
Tucker, Jno. A.
Vanness, A. H.
Wax-work
Wilson, Geo. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Watson, E. B. (of A. Wallace-Villa Co.)
Williams, Geo. (of Carton's Co.)
Werner, "Ned"
Walters, Claude
Weiss, Otto
Washburn, E. S.
Weaver, H. A.
West, Frank
Williams Bros.
Webb, Prof. A.
Welch, W. (of Sim, Rosencrantz & Woods, C. (of Van Ambury & Cir.)
Wells, Harry C.
Wrigh. Jeff.
White, Judd. R.
Williams, G. E. 10c.
Whitin, "Cris"
Wyatt, Geo. (of Soldene's Co.)
Washburn, E. S.
Wallace, Bart. W.
Wilcox, S. T. (contortist)
Ward, Dr., F. A.
Wheeler, (equestrian)
Worden, "Bob" (of Worden & Mack)

"The Bohemian Girl," our boys took their gruel with forbearance and resignation, probably reserving their fire for future opportunities. We are not angry with Anna, but we think she has erred in getting out of the dramatic groove and making a lecture-room of the stage. Jimmy, make rhymes

ABOUT ANNA.
We had a gentle Anna once
Whose lectures were our pride;
But, when an actress she became,
She was by critics crucified.
Afflictions sore long time she bore,
Petitions were in vain;
She then denounced them from the stage—
That eased her of her pain.

.....We don't know what to think of that dreadful orphan Catharine Claxton. She looms up everywhere like a fire-fiend. She is here to-day, and gone to-morrow; but whithersoever she goeth the trail of fire and flame followeth like a green-eyed monster, or something just as troublesome. We think she would do well in London just now—good engagements await her there. Why goeth she not—ah, why goeth she not again? (Miss Claxton must not look upon us with basilisk eyes when she returns to New York—this is merely a little bit of pleasantry; but she *does* seem like a fiery Jonah, sure enough.—ED.) .....The Gray man of destiny has had his musical seances in this city with his telephone, and very soon we are to be told a mother story by Professor Bell, who proposes to make a speech in Boston which shall be communicated minutely to an audience in this city. You don't *believe* in it? Why? You must have *some* reason for your unbelief, Jimmy. "Nuther I don't believe in it. We don't want no second-hand Boston speeches on don't; tell him come on here if he wants to make a speech." But it's the novelty of a man talking two hundred miles away, and being heard here. "What's the good of hiring a hall here unless we hire the man to make his speech here? You don't see John Morrissey doin' nuthin' like that. If he speaks in New York he comes right here, and does it like a man. *He* don't want nun of yer Telefunnin' biggitry." That's the kind of a scientific hairpin "Our Jim" is, and yet we are compelled to put up with his crudities.....What a dreadful thing it must have been for that fiddler who, when the "Baba" orchestra scruck for wages overdue at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, went it alone before all those girls and his ballet. We have thought of that man ever since, and if a statue is not put up in Fairmount Park to commemorate the event it will show the basest ingratitude on the part of musical circles in Philadelphia.....Out there in Grass Valley, California, where our sun sets, they have succeeded in raising a calf with one forefoot like a deer's and the other like a bear's. "Our Jim" can't understand it unless "them two four feet was grafted onto it: because a kaff is a igrint brute, and couldn't have grode that way natchrilly!" And that settles it with Jim.....The manager of "Our Boarding-house" at the Park Theatre assures us that "no dead heads" are admitted. If *all* managers would be equally confiding with their live patrons, what serenity would pervade our auditoriums.....Buffalo William and his suite of the "wild" are doing nicely in their theatrical ventures. We never fail to sit out a performance by this company when they come within reasonable distance. There is something pleasing in the way William despoils the noble red man of his scalp, and, when the crimson flood of life is let loose by the artistic carving of Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull vampyres by the scouts of the plains, we feel like giving three or four cheers, right out. More poetry:

THE SCOUT OF THE PLAINS.
He loves his horse, he loves his pipe.
Perchance he loves his glass o'y;
And, if he's any scout at all,
He dearly loves his *cuz-o!*

.....Ole Bull gave another farewell concert last (Sunday) evening at Booth's Theatre. They are called *farewell* concerts because the Ole one and his manager fare well with them. Ever since Jarrett & Palmer did so well with the lamented Cushman's farewells, envy has manifested itself among those managers who had no farewell stars to manipulate; but, now that Mr. Bull has entered for the fall purse, we shall never look on a boat but reminds us: *Ole Bull.*—"Well, my dear, I'm off to the theatre." *Wife of his Bosom.*—"Oh, fiddle!" *Ole Bull.*—"I'm going to, my dear." [This did not actually transpire, but it will, no doubt, some day; and so, by taking the Bull by the horns this early, we steal a march on other comical writers].....Ole Bull never took a benefit that he did not give a rare bill of attractions. Just look what he offers for his benefit at Booth's, on Thursday afternoon of this week. Madrigal Boys, John McCullough, Clara Louise Kellogg, Fanny Davenport, Stuart Robson, W. H. Crane, Marie Salvotti, Sig. Operti and orchestra, and others. "Made in America" is to be called "A Countryman's Visit to a Circus;" Satsuma and Little All-right performed feats of heavy balancing, which were followed by a tumbling act by the principal members of the company; Miss Jennie Watson rode a principal act, which met with much favor; John Le Clair gave feats of hat-spinning and juggling; Miss Ella M. Hall showed a number of improvements in the art of tandem manege act by Jennie Louise Hengler, who made her American debut. Her two Pommeranian horses were remarkable for their beauty and symmetry of form, and she, by the skill she displayed in directing their movements, proved herself an equestrienne of the highest rank. Satsuma and Little All-right performed also in the concerting, and later assisted Fred and Master Charley Sharpley in their well-known musical-moke act; Miss Whittingham and Master Newman sang duets in a pleasing manner; the Suydam Brothers won applause in difficult gymnastic feats; and Cool Burgess gave a humorous sketch, which was in addition by his Ethiopian eccentricities. The other features included Johnny Queen in the sketch of "Eh! What Is It?" Billy Barry in a burlesque stump-speech and songs-and-dances; Harrigan and Hart in the sketch of "S. O. T.," and also in a new one entitled "Monahon's Dream," in which the Sons of Malta Band and the "Mulligan Guard Regiment" appeared as policemen; Quilter and Goldrich in songs-and-dances; banjo-songs and witticisms by Edwin French; and songs by Miss Alice Bennett.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" was reproduced in the Olympic Theatre April 9 by Nick Roberts' Pantomime Troupe. In the opening, George Dunbar figured as Pluto, Miss Emeline Young as the Fairy Queen, and George Almonte as the Green Imp. In the harlequinade "Grimaldi" was Clown; Charles Almonte, Pantaloon; Wm. Eunice, Harlequin; and Miss Ada Boshell, Columbine. During the course of the pantomime the Misses Rossi and Nellie St. John sang ballads, and the Almonte Brothers performed acrobatic feats. Dunbar and Lowande gave the perch, "Grimaldi" appeared in a stilt performance, George Dunbar in plate-spinning and juggling feats, and Miss Jennie Miaco in a skipping-rope dance. Notwithstanding the reduction in the prices of admission, the attendance was light.

F. A. SAYER has constructed a miniature model of the auditorium of the Park Theatre, which he uses instead of a diagram while selling tickets. The purchaser is enabled to see the precise locations of such seats as he may wish to purchase, as every folding-chair in the orchestra, dress-circle and family circle is faithfully represented. Mr. Sayer has displayed much ingenuity and mechanical skill in his work, and we learn that he has already received several orders from managers in neighboring cities to construct similar models of the auditoriums of their theatres.

THE AVERAGE ATTENDANCE at the Park Theatre has been 1,000 special "Boarding-house" was performed for the seventy-eighth time on the night of April 14.

JOSEPH C. FOSTER, the well-known theatrical manager, died at his residence on Eighth avenue April 9, in the seventy-third year of his age. His remains were taken to Philadelphia for interment. A biographical and professional sketch of Mr. Foster on Page 29 of this issue of THE CLIPPER. His remains were buried in Woodland Cemetery, West Philadelphia, on the 13th inst. The funeral services were numerously attended. The following acted as pallbearers: James Pilgrim, Wm. H. Wallis, Alexander Wilson, Harry Lacy, Harry Bruning and Thomas Farley. A number of the latter present were Mr. and Mrs. Hernandez Foster, Frank Foster, Edward Foster, Wm. Foster, Julia Foster and Ada Foster.

THE BROADWAY THEATRE closed abruptly on April 10. Non-payment of salaries is alleged to have been the cause.

SO LONG AGO as April 7, 1876, a once popular "leading lady" died in this city. He was indigent, so were his wife and his two children, and not even the roof under which he breathed his last was theirs. No parade was made of his lingering illness, and there was no funeral of eclat from "The Little Church Around the Corner." This actor had thousands of friends, who no doubt think to-day or to-morrow will be the anniversary of acts of insubordination, and that he had played at other entertainments when his services were required at Wallack's Theatre.

THE SEASON at the Olympic Theatre closes to-night, April 16, with a benefit to the clown, "Grimaldi."

"ROSE MICHEL" is to be the attraction this week at the Grand Opera-house, and the company will be reinforced by J. H. Stoddart, J. G. Peakes, Willie Seymour, J. W. Thorpe, H. B. Phillips, Charles Dade and Lysander Thompson.

MRS. NATHAN SEELEY, youngest daughter of P. T. and the late Charity Barnum, died at her residence, Lexington avenue, April 11, aged 31, leaving three children.

L. J. VINCENT, stage-manager of Booth's Theatre, is to have a matinee-benefit April 25.

THE FIRST CONCERT of the Mozart Amateur Orchestra took place at Irving Hall April 12, and was well attended by the friends of William Biele, president of the society and conductor of the band. The bowling fraternity turned out en masse, and Billy was warmly congratulated when his duties ended. After the concert the floor was cleared, and the lovers of the terpsichorean art held undisputed sway until the twitters of the sparrows warned them of the rising of the sun. It was the settled conviction of those assembled that William Biele made a clean frame, with a strike in every one of them.

THOUSANDS will learn, with a regret as profound as our own surprise in hearing of it as our pages are on the eve of going to press, that Robert M. De Witt, one of the oldest and best-known publishers in this city, died this morning, April 16, at his residence at Stratford, Ct. His malady was erysipelas of only a week's duration.

MINNIE DE WITT, Sadie Seaman, Florence Hartman, and Belle Montrose are the new arrivals at Columbia Opera-house this week. Harry Tomlinson and Belle Berry appear this week in the dramatic sketch "On the Sly," which introduces the Living Statues and the other performers at this house.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, as stated in THE CLIPPER some months ago, will positively return to this country this year, and will commence an engagement at Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre early in November next, opening in "Rip Van Winkle."

"MISS MULTON" was withdrawn from the stage of the Grand Opera-house after the performances of April 14. Business averaged good during the past week.

E. A. SOTHERN is to commence a long engagement at the Park Theatre Sept. 3.

AT BOOTH'S THEATRE, John McCullough acted the past week the leading roles in "Richelieu" 9, 10, "Richard III" 11, 12, 14, "Othello" 13, and Iago in "Othello" matinee 14. The attendance continued large.

E. M. GOTTHOLD, agent of Harry Robinson's Minstrels, was in town last week.

J. E. JACKSON, late of Jackson's Printing-house, Philadelphia, has undertaken the business-management of Henry A. Thomas' lithographic establishment, which will remove from 29 Warren street to 865 Broadway about May 1. For further particulars see advertisement.

P. T. BARNUM'S SHOW began a season in Gilmore's Garden April 9. This spacious edifice was divided in the centre by an arched drapery of red, white and blue cloth, and in that portion nearest to Madison avenue the arena and tiers of comfortable seats had been constructed. In the other portion the cages containing the animals and museum curiosities, the camels and elephants, were placed so as to afford the spectators ample opportunity to view them. At two o'clock and eight o'clock P. M., daily, circus performances began in the arena with a pageant which included ladies and gentlemen clad in gorgeous costumes and mounted upon gayly caparisoned steeds, elephants with rich housings, camels, ponies, mules, etc. After this the living curiosities, including Capt. George Costentenius, the tattooed Albanian Greek, and Admiral Dot, were introduced to the spectators' notice. Charles Reed, a skillful rider, was seen in a principal somersault act, during which Ben Maginley, attired as a jester, evoked much laughter by his refined witticisms, jokes and odd sayings, being efficiently aided by Frank Whitaker the ringmaster; the Miaco Brothers gave a comical acrobatic act; McMahon, attired as a Comanche Indian, exemplified many intrepid feats of horsemanship peculiar to that tribe, and during his act one of the Miaco Brothers officiated as clown; the Leotards excited admiration by the skill and grace displayed in their classical groupings; Phillian Lyman's illustrative act, dubbed as called "A Countryman's Visit to a Circus;" Satsuma and Little All-right performed feats of heavy balancing, which were followed by a tumbling act by the principal members of the company; Miss Jennie Watson rode a principal act, which met with much favor; John Le Clair gave feats of hat-spinning and juggling; Miss Ella M. Hall showed a number of improvements in the art of tandem manege act by Jennie Louise Hengler, who made her American debut. Her two Pommeranian horses were remarkable for their beauty and symmetry of form, and she, by the skill she displayed in directing their movements, proved herself an equestrienne of the highest rank. Satsuma and Little All-right performed also in the concerting, and later assisted Fred and Master Charley Sharpley in their well-known musical-moke act; Miss Whittingham and Master Newman sang duets in a pleasing manner; the Suydam Brothers won applause in difficult gymnastic feats; and Cool Burgess gave a humorous sketch, which was in addition by his Ethiopian eccentricities. The other features included Johnny Queen in the sketch of "Eh! What Is It?" Billy Barry in a burlesque stump-speech and songs-and-dances; Harrigan and Hart in the sketch of "S. O. T.," and also in a new one entitled "Monahon's Dream," in which the Sons of Malta Band and the "Mulligan Guard Regiment" appeared as policemen; Quilter and Goldrich in songs-and-dances; banjo-songs and witticisms by Edwin French; and songs by Miss Alice Bennett.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" was reproduced in the Olympic Theatre April 9 by Nick Roberts' Pantomime Troupe. In the opening, George Dunbar figured as Pluto, Miss Emeline Young as the Fairy Queen, and George Almonte as the Green Imp. In the harlequinade "Grimaldi" was Clown; Charles Almonte, Pantaloon; Wm. Eunice, Harlequin; and Miss Ada Boshell, Columbine. During the course of the pantomime the Misses Rossi and Nellie St. John sang ballads, and the Almonte Brothers performed acrobatic feats, Dunbar and Lowande gave the perch, "Grimaldi" appeared in a stilt performance, George Dunbar in plate-spinning and juggling feats, and Miss Jennie Miaco in a skipping-rope dance. Notwithstanding the reduction in the prices of admission, the attendance was light.

F. A. SAYER has constructed a miniature model of the auditorium of the Park Theatre, which he uses instead of a diagram while selling tickets. The purchaser is enabled to see the precise locations of such seats as he may wish to purchase, as every folding-chair in the orchestra, dress-circle and family circle is faithfully represented. Mr. Sayer has displayed much ingenuity and mechanical skill in his work, and we learn that he has already received several orders from managers in neighboring cities to construct similar models of the auditoriums of their theatres.

THE AVERAGE ATTENDANCE at the Park Theatre has been 1,000 special "Boarding-house" was performed for the seventy-eighth time on the night of April 14.

JOSEPH C. FOSTER, the well-known theatrical manager, died at his residence on Eighth avenue April 9, in the seventy-third year of his age. His remains were taken to Philadelphia for interment. A biographical and professional sketch of Mr. Foster on Page 29 of this issue of THE CLIPPER. His remains were buried in Woodland Cemetery, West Philadelphia, on the 13th inst. The funeral services were numerously attended. The following acted as pallbearers: James Pilgrim, Wm. H. Wallis, Alexander Wilson, Harry Lacy, Harry Bruning and Thomas Farley. A number of the latter present were Mr. and Mrs. Hernandez Foster, Frank Foster, Edward Foster, Wm. Foster, Julia Foster and Ada Foster.

THE BROADWAY THEATRE closed abruptly on April 10. Non-payment of salaries is alleged to have been the cause.

SO LONG AGO as April 7, 1876, a once popular "leading lady" died in this city. He was indigent, so were his wife and his two children, and not even the roof under which he breathed his last was theirs. No parade was made of his lingering illness, and there was no funeral of eclat from "The Little Church Around the Corner." This actor had thousands of friends, who no doubt think to-day or to-morrow will be the anniversary of acts of insubordination, and that he had played at other entertainments when his services were required at Wallack's Theatre.

THE SEASON at the Olympic Theatre closes to-night, April 16, with a benefit to the clown, "Grimaldi."

"ROSE MICHEL" is to be the attraction this week at the Grand Opera-house, and the company will be reinforced by J. H. Stoddart, J. G. Peakes, Willie Seymour, J. W. Thorpe, H. B. Phillips, Charles Dade and Lysander Thompson.

MRS. NATHAN SEELEY, youngest daughter of P. T. and the late Charity Barnum, died at her residence, Lexington avenue, April 11, aged 31, leaving three children.

L. J. VINCENT, stage-manager of Booth's Theatre, is to have a matinee-benefit April 25.

THE FIRST CONCERT of the Mozart Amateur Orchestra took place at Irving Hall April 12, and was well attended by the friends of William Biele, president of the society and conductor of the band. The bowling fraternity turned out en masse, and Billy was warmly congratulated when his duties ended. After the concert the floor was cleared, and the lovers of the terpsichorean art held undisputed sway until the twitters of the sparrows warned them of the rising of the sun. It was the settled conviction of those assembled that William Biele made a clean frame, with a strike in every one of them.

THOUSANDS will learn, with a regret as profound as our own surprise in hearing of it as our pages are on the eve of going to press, that Robert M. De Witt, one of the oldest and best-known publishers in this city, died this morning, April 16, at his residence at Stratford, Ct. His malady was erysipelas of only a week's duration.

MINNIE DE WITT, Sadie Seaman, Florence Hartman, and Belle Montrose are the new arrivals at Columbia Opera-house this week. Harry Tomlinson and Belle Berry appear this week in the dramatic sketch "On the Sly," which introduces the Living Statues and the other performers at this house.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, as stated in THE CLIPPER some months ago, will positively return to this country this year, and will commence an engagement at Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre early in November next, opening in "Rip Van Winkle."

"MISS MULTON" was withdrawn from the stage of the Grand Opera-house after the performances of April 14. Business averaged good during the past week.

E. A. SOTHERN is to commence a long engagement at the Park Theatre Sept. 3.

AT BOOTH'S THEATRE, John McCullough acted the past week the leading roles in "Richelieu" 9, 10, "Richard III" 11, 12, 14, "Othello" 13, and Iago in "Othello" matinee 14. The attendance continued large.

E. M. GOTTHOLD, agent of Harry Robinson's Minstrels, was in town last week.

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MUSICAL NOTES.—The Italian opera season was continued at the Academy of Music during the past week, "Un Ballo in Maschera" being repeated on Monday evening, and Verdi's "Don Carlos" given on Thursday and Friday. This latter opera, which was originally produced during the season of 1867, both in Paris and London, received its first representations in this city during the past week. The plot gives the story, the period 1560, of the love of Don Carlos, the heir to the throne of Spain, for Elizabeth of Valois, who, despite her reciprocation, is compelled to marry his father, Phillip II. Don Carlos clandestinely meets her; but their secret amour is discovered by the Princess Eboli, in love with Don Carlos, and through her jealousy he is arrested and imprisoned in the dungeons of the Inquisition, from which he is rescued by a mob. Upon his release he repeats his visits to the Queen, and is discovered by the King, who delivers him to the Inquisition, which terminates the opera. New scenic effects and costumes gave an appropriate dress to the opera, and a good, even performance of the work was given, its interpretation being entrusted to Sig. Dal Negro as Phillip II; Sig. Celada, Don Carlos; Sig. Bertolasi, Roderigo; Sig. Garini, Grand Inquisitor; Sig. Bacelli, a friar; Sig. Barberis, a royal herald; Signora Palmieri, Elisa, both; Signorina Rosselli, Princess Eboli; Signorina Persiani, Tebaldo. "Faust" was given at the Saturday matinee, with Mlle. Marck as Marghe rita; Sig. Zanari, Faust; Mlle. Rambelli, Siebel; Sig. Bertolasi, Valentine; and Sig. Dal Negro, Mephistopheles. Liebling, a young Chicago pianist of considerable promise, gave a concert at Steinway Hall on April 10, and created a most favorable impression by his playing of selections by Liszt, Schumann and Chopin. On this, the occasion of his debut in this city, he was assisted by Miss Anna Drasdil and Sig. Tagliapietra in the vocal selections, and Otto Soldan, a young violinist.....Miss Arabella Root's ballad concert for the benefit of the poor, given at Chickering Hall on April 10, was but fairly attended, notwithstanding an attractive programme and a list of good executants, including Miss Emma Wilkinson, contralto; Harrison Millard, tenor; Carl Lanzer, violinist; A. J. Holden, organist and accompanist; and Henry T. Bryant in a ventriloquial entertainment.....Miss Annie E. Beere, a well-cultivated mezzo-soprano singer of this city, received a benefit-concert on Monday evening, at Chickering Hall; Mr. Hill, tenor, Mr. Oudin, baritone, and Miss Gedney in readings taking part.....Mrs. Kate Reed, soprano, and F. W. Jameson, tenor, sang at the organ-concert of F. F. Muller, at Chickering Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, where a charity-concert occurred at night, in which Miss Henrietta Beebe and J. R. Sutton gave vocal selections; A. R. Case, pianist, performed; and Charles Roberts Jr. was heard in recitations.....The Philharmonic Society rehearsed Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on Friday afternoon, preparatory to their approaching concert.....A concert at Chickering Hall on Friday evening presented a bill in which appeared Mr. Pease, pianist; Mr. Wild, organist; and Mrs. Dora Gordon Steele, Mme. De Gebele, F. W. Jameson and Mr. Goltschalk in vocal numbers.....New York Academy of Music, Brooklyn, opened its season April 14, Miss Imogene Brown singing in place of Miss Thursby.....Ole Bull appeared in concert at Steinway Hall on Wednesday evening, assisted by Mme. Carreno-Sauret, pianist, and Sig. Tagliapietra and Miss Thursby in vocal numbers, and at Booth's Theatre on Sunday evening, Miss Isabella Maguire Mack and Miss Thursby, the other artists of his former concerts taking part.....Holland's opera company sailed for Kingston, Jamaica, by steamer Atlas, April 12. Gustavus Hall, formerly of the Kellogg Troupe, is among the company.

FRANK EVANS has entirely recovered from his late illness.

DRAMATIC.

AT BIDWELL'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC, New Orleans, La., April 8, "The Streets of New York" was performed by the stock company, with W. H. Power as Badger. The attendance was large, and the play gave full satisfaction. "Rosedale" became the medium of a benefit to Mr. Power 9, and drew a large audience. The beneficiary in the role of Elliott Gray achieved a success, and the play is to be repeated this evening. The Easter Service May by Miss Wilmot and Rosa Leigh by Miss Connie Thompson, were excellent. For matinee to-morrow, 11, "The Streets of New York," and evening, "Effie, or the Cherry-tree Inn," are underlined. "Effie" will be repeated 12, and on 13 Roland Reed will benefit. "Lemons" will be produced for the first time in this city 15. The Easter Service May by Miss Anna Drasdil and Sig. Tagliapietra in the vocal selections, and Otto Soldan, a young violinist.....Miss Arabella Root's ballad concert for the benefit of the poor, given at Chickering Hall on April 10, was but fairly attended, notwithstanding an attractive programme and a list of good executants, including Miss Emma Wilkinson, contralto; Harrison Millard, tenor; Carl Lanzer, violinist; A. J. Holden, organist and accompanist; and Henry T. Bryant in a ventriloquial entertainment.....Miss Annie E. Beere, a well-cultivated mezzo-soprano singer of this city, received a benefit-concert on Monday evening, at Chickering Hall; Mr. Hill, tenor, Mr. Oudin, baritone, and Miss Gedney in readings taking part.....Mrs. Kate Reed, soprano, and F. W. Jameson, tenor, sang at the organ-concert of F. F. Muller, at Chickering Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, where a charity-concert occurred at night, in which Miss Henrietta Beebe and J. R. Sutton gave vocal selections; A. R. Case, pianist, performed; and Charles Roberts Jr. was heard in recitations.....The Philharmonic Society rehearsed Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on Friday afternoon, preparatory to their approaching concert.....A concert at Chickering Hall on Friday evening presented a bill in which appeared Mr. Pease, pianist; Mr. Wild, organist; and Mrs. Dora Gordon Steele, Mme. De Gebele, F. W.

AT THE NEW NATIONAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, an excellent programme was given during the week ending April 14, the attendance being good. The new faces were Goss and Fox, Jennie Yeamans, and Sid. C. France in "Marked for Life." Harry G. Richmond had a benefit on the 11th. Pat Rooney, Quilter and Goldrich, Mons. Achilles Phillion, Miss Mary Hamilton, J. W. McAndrews, and Prof. D. B. Hughes open here on the 16th inst.

NOONAN'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, under the able management of the veteran George L. Hall, gave an attractive programme last week, business being excellent. George W. Wray, Grace Denny and Mlle. Waltjen were the new faces on the 9th inst. Ellen Colleen, Lillie Dayton, Ida Livingston and Kate Clare open here on the 16th inst. An advertisement calls for variety talent.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL VARIETY THEATRE, Philadelphia, the most noticeable novelties last week were Master Martin's very amusing sketch "Jim Jams," the pretty Foy Sisters in their capital musical sketch entitled "Moonlight Shadows," and Prof. Hughes' "Dissolving Tableaux." Emerson and Clark, Prof. Hughes, W. N. Griffith and Miss Belle Norton closed here on the 14th. Edna Markley, James McKee and Dr. S. M. Landis commence engagements on the 16th inst.

T. B. MORGAN, the efficient officer at the Grand Central Variety Theatre, Philadelphia, had a large attendance at his benefit 13.

AT THE INTERNATIONAL MUSIC HALL, Philadelphia, the fresh features last week were Signor Elviro, Henry S. Page, Sam Baylis, Susie Warren, Miss Verdie Alvis, Charles Tapper and Mlle. Bertie's Ballet Troupe. The Æolian Minstrels, J. J. Reilly, Lizzie Smith, Mons. Florentine, Tommy Granger, Lillie Ellis, Miss Aldine, Nellie Forrester, Barry Osborne and Fannie Wentworth open on the 16th inst.

AT ENGOUS' VARIETIES, Philadelphia, the new people on the 9th inst. were Alfredo, Venetta and Emma Monticello in their clever act on the trapeze, and Harry Clifford in "A Life's Revenge." Harry Clifford closed 14. The new people announced for the 16th inst. are Johnny Reese and Ed. Nagle, the latter in his drama "The Goldhunters."

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN THEATRE, Philadelphia, the principal novelty was the sketch of "Karl, or a Dutchman's Visit to Philadelphia," in which Murphy and Shannon introduced their capital Dutch specialities. Charles Vincent, Misses George and Addie Morrell, Miss Jennie Yeamans, Mullelly and Rice, Mons. Emil Goroux and Mlle. Adelina, and Jimmy Mack appear here on the 16th.

BILLY EDWARDS and Arthur Chambers in a set-to, and the Langlois Brothers, jugglers, were the principal features at the Adelphi Theatre, Philadelphia, week ending April 14.

HARRY BECKWITH, comedian and vocalist, publishes his address in another column, and states that he wants a lady vocalist to do sketches with him.

VARIETY ARTISTS and a leader, with a full brass and string band, are wanted for a canvas show. See Sam Roberts' advertisement.

AT WARD'S OPERA-HOUSE, Paterson, N. J., business was good. Harry Shay and Harry Woodson on the ends were funny. Mrs. Mackley will reappear 16, having recovered from her illness of two weeks. Departures 14: Harry Woodson and the Levanions, to New York. Announced for 16: Worden and Mack, Willis Pickert, Norah Wright, Fannie Dean, Miss Montague, and Harry Lester. ..... Warner's Combination were again at the Opera-house on 16. The company included Wm. Mack, Edna Mortimer, C. J. Gregory, Joseph Buckley, Jennie Dean, B. W. Brown, Ed. Ryan, and Wallace and Fenton. Manager Warner has introduced a feature of giving prizes to the best amateur jig and clog dancers; also to the boy who can eat half a pie the quickest with his hands tied behind him. Letter of 14:

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE, Toronto, which has recently been repainted and decorated, will open April 21 with John P. Long of Detroit, Mich., as manager.

ALLEN'S NOVELTY COMBINATION performed in Wheeling, W. Va., April 9, Bellair, O., 10, Steubenville 11, 12, New Cumberland, W. Va., 13, and East Liverpool, O., 14.

TONY PASTOR'S TRAVELING COMPANY is to perform this week in Ford's Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md.

MARTIN W. HANLEY has secured the following for Harrigan & Hart's forthcoming tour: Alice Bennett, Harry Kennedy, Will H. Morton, and Dave Braham and his entire orchestra.

THE NEW FACES at the Comique, St. Louis, Mo., April 8, were the Irwin Sisters, Charles Rogers, Mattie Vickers, W. J. Mills and Thatcher and Hume. Business good. Charles Rogers and Mattie Vickers, Miles. Letourneur and Cipronier close 14. To open 15: Mlle. Ida Idalie, Johnny Allen, the Whitman Family and Clara Sidell..... Ben Brown, the Willis Sisters, Fred Gottlob and Louise Elmer constitute the company at the Winter Garden. ..... Companies at the Tivoli and Looney's remain the same. Advices of April 13.

CROWDED HOUSES have witnessed the performances at the Metropolitan Theatre, Louisville, Ky., the past week, where Matt Morgan's Statue Troupe was the attraction. The troupe closed 14, and goes to Cincinnati. Dan Arvale for week 16th. ..... all the other places of amusement in the city are closed.

AT THE ADELPHI, Hartford, Ct., Harry Montague, Carrie Duncan, and the McDermott Sisters were the arrivals April 9. Closing 14: Eugene Blitz and Mollie De Marr, to New Haven; Harry Montague and Carrie Duncan, to New York. Billed for 26: Lottie Grant, Lew and Lena Cole, Wm. and Blanche Daly, Bryant and Williams, and Harry Clifford.

BUSINESS AT THE ATHENÆUM, Columbus, O., the past week improved. The new arrivals were Billy Devere and Ella Arnold, the Sherwood Sisters, Emma Brennan, Blanche Dixon, and Nellie Thorne. The attraction of the week, however, has been "The Black Crook." Arrivals for 16: Harry and Leonie Mendel, Nellie Leslie, Charley Leslie, Hall and Thompson, and Harry and Minnie Thompson. Departures 14: The Landis Brothers, to Baltimore; and Billy Devere and Ella Arnold, to Chicago.

THE NEW FACES at Smith's Opera-house, Grand Rapids, Mich., April 9, were Chas. O. Seamon, Chas. Schofield, and Foley and Waters. Departures 14: Billy and Minnie Homer, to Chicago, and Chas. Schofield, no date. Miss Emma Bretto failed to appear 9, as announced. Lew and Frank Collins, Ada Clifford and Kittie Shepard are announced to open 16. Business fair.

IN A SUIT for alleged breach of contract, Milton Nobles vs. the former management of the Grand Central Variety Theatre, Philadelphia, the jury on April 14 rendered a verdict of $200 for the plaintiff, who had claimed $250, the latter amount being the figure at which he was engaged to play for a week at that house in the drama of "Jim Bludsoe," an engagement he was not permitted to fill.

THE COMPANY at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., the past week, consisted of Gilday and Giniven, Jennie Yeamans, Joe Jantrita, Ed. Miller, James Welch, Maude Le Moine, Barney Ferguson, Troubadour Quartet of Colored Artists, Sheehan and Jones, and Mlle. Mahretta. Departures 14: Gilday and Giniven, to Cincinnati; Joie Zanfretta, to New York; Troubadour Quartet, to Toledo; Sheehan and Jones, to Buffalo. Arrivals 16: Keating and Flynn Combination and Master Albert Geyer. Wine-room has been dispensed with.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., the new specialty stars—Misses Alice Gleason, Nellie Barton, the Oxford Boy, and the Female Minstrels—are doing good houses the past week. For this week Mlle. Zavella, Thomas and Watson, and Paddy Murphy are billed.

VARIETY ADVICES from Cincinnati to 13, through our correspondent, run as follows: "The fresh appearances at the Coliseum 8 were Billy and Maggie Kaye and Annie W. Clark. Several who were announced failed to come, the Winnie Sisters and Emma Bretto among the number. Business very good. Departures 14: The 'Baba' Ballet Troupe, Pittsburg; Cooper Brothers, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Frank A. Gibbons and Lulu Francis, Chicago; Elma Wellington, and La Petite Estelle. Opening 15: Burton Stanley, Grinnell Children, Lou Howard, Maggie Gray, Harry Leslie, and Ogia and Eugene..... Mons. Siegrist and performing dogs, Siegrist Children, Dick Turner, Gussie Leach, and Dick Gorman were added to the company at Beuck's 8. Departures 14: Bobby Newcomb, Indianapolis, and Tommy Turner, Chicago. The Davenport Brothers closed 9. Lew Dockstader went with the De Haven Show during the tenting season, and Eddie remains here, but they will reunite in the Fall. Opening 15: Gibson and Binney and Curry and Hall..... George White, who does a bone solo, was the only addition to the Winter Garden. No changes at the Eldorado. The hall has been repapered inside and painted, inside and out, and looks bright and new..... Scott and Ward, Ed. Nolan, Sheridan Brothers and John C. Smith were the new features at the National Theatre Comique 8. Departures 14: Dan Sully, Toledo; Fish, Robeson, Louisville; J. C. Stevens, Columbus; Ed. Nolan, Louisville; Maggie Gray and Scott and Ward. To open 15: J. P. Kilbourne in "The Sea Waif," Gilday and Giniven, Addie Percy, Florence Webster and Lucy Forrester."

FIRST-CLASS performers can secure engagements at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city.

BUSINESS has ruled good at Ward's Opera-house, Newark, N. J. The fresh faces 9 were the Devere Brothers, Dolly Sharpe, T. F. Grant, John H. Carle, and Sophie Thorn. Emma Price, though billed, did not appear. Closures 14: Harry Lester and wife, to Paterson; Sophie Thorn, Clark Brothers, Mabel Pearl, Emma Lawrence, and Marquitta Phillips, to New York. Billed for 16: Fanny Herring, Harry Cavella, Mlle. Octavia, Conroy and Daly, Imogene Scofield, Hattie Arnold, and Gus Foster.....

A the Metropolitan business continues very good. The newcomers 9 were James O'Neil, Linda Madison, Tom Granger, Andy Collom, Walters and Morton, and Geo. K. Fortesque. Nellie Forrester, announced among the departures of 7, was reengaged to take the part of Frisbe in "Cinderella." Departures 14: Bertha Rowe, to Hartford, Ct.; Reynolds and Walling, to Boston; Geo. K. Fortesque, Linda Madison, James O'Neil, Andy Collom, and Walters and Morton, to New York; Nellie Forrester, Tom Granger, and Charley Burnham, to Philadelphia. Alf. McDowell assumes the stage-management during Charley Burnham's absence. Billed for 16: Rollin Howard Burlesque Company, Hurley and Marr, James and Katie Edwards, Fannie Alton and Frankie Howard. Advices of April 14.

AT THE BELA UNION, San Francisco, Cal., Wm. Crosley, Johnny and Bruno, and Harry and Lizzie Braham paved attractive cards.

GEO. C. THOMSON, brother of the Blonde Burlesquer Lydia, is giving vaudeville entertainments at Oakland, Cal.

MATT MORGAN'S Tableaux and Living Pictures, now under the management of Col. Hal Sheeper, will be exhibited at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburg, Pa., for four weeks, commencing April 23. Managers daring to negotiate can address as above.

THE MENDELS—Harry and Leonie—Dutch comedians, are performing at the Coliseum, Erie, Pa.

JAMES WELCH and Maude Le Moine, Irish specialists, are highly recommended by Manager Chas. L. Howard of Columbus, O., whose card find elsewhere.

MCVICKER'S HIBERNICON and Healey's Irish Minstrels are to show in Vicksburg, Miss., April 16, 17, Memphis, Tenn., 19, 20, 21, Clarksville 23, 24, Louisville, Ky., 26, 27, 28.

A LADY GYMNAST is wanted by the Harland Brothers, who advertise.

SPECIALTY ARTISTS desiring engagements at Foster's Coliseum, Detroit, Mich., which will be opened about April 23, are requested to address H. A. Foster, proprietor.

THE MATCH between Ch. O. Seaman of Grand Rapids, Mich., and Billy Then will be danced at Hoyt's Sensation Theatre, Jackson, April 28. John McVeigh opened their party 9 at Detroit. Business is reported good.

AT THE BOYLSTON MUSEUM, Boston, Mass., Mlle. Zittella's Minstrels, with Pete Lee and C. H. Atkinson on the ends, opened the performances the past week. The stage was set as a rustic arbor, and, with the statuary, fountains of real water, etc., the effect was fine. Following were Govan, mimic and vocalist; Healey and Ella Saunders, statue-clog dancers; C. H. Atkinson, bone-solo; Jennie Hughes, vocalist; Angie Schott's illusion act; the Æolian Quartet, who proved to be very funny as the Hantown Students; and in the Druid Dance. The whole concluded with the burlesque opera "The Virginia Cupids." Business large. "The Naiad Queen" is announced for April 16, with Dollie Bidwell, Jennie Hughes, Antoinette Corsi, Nellie Brooks, and Messrs. Decker, Howard and Stanton in the cast. In the olio, Billy Carter, Charles Diamond, Jerome and Cameron, Emma Hoffman, the Saunders and the D'Alves Sisters are to appear..... At the Howard Athenæum the performance opened with the burlesque entitled "Queen Bess," by Adah Richmond's company, including Nellie Larkelle, Eva West, and Messrs. Jas. Vincent, L. J. Mestayer and H. Stewart, followed by an olio by the Morosco Family, gymnasts; Harry Kennedy, ventriloquist; Mlle. De Granville, the strong woman; Sanford and Wilson in "The Tramp's Jubilee;" Jerry Cohen; Kate Brevoort on the tumbleronicon; and the negro act "The Visitors." Business good. For April 16 "Larks, or Making a Night of It," is announced, with the Misses Clara Maeder, Alice Wyndham, Marie Bates, and Messrs. L. J. Mestayer, Cyril Searle, Theo. Hamilton, Jas. Vincent and N. D. Jones in the cast. In the olio, Jennie Morgan, Emerson and Clark, Reynolds and Walling, Samuel Holdsworth and J. S. Maffitt. Letter of April 14.

AT THE HOLLIDAY-STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., business has been good. The chief attractions were Sam. Holdsworth, D. A. Reilly and Jenny Christie, Scanlon and Cronin, Master John Dunn, and the drama entitled "The Black Hand," with Frank Jones in the chief characters. Departures 14: Sam Holdsworth, to Boston, Mass.; Scanlon and Cronin, to Philadelphia, Pa.; Frank Jones, to Washington, D. C.; John Reilly, no engagement. To open 16: Cool Burgess, Sanford and Wilson, the Fieldings, Geo. S. Knight, Jennie Engle, T. F. Kerrigan, Nell Conway, Harry Kennedy, Niles and Evans, Will H. Martin, George R. Edson, Annie Ward Tiffany, Sahl. K. Chester, Annie Chester, Eliza Long, R. D. Young, Jas. Cooper, Ida Forrest and Wm. M. Frazier..... At the New Central Theatre, James S. and Katie Edwards, the Richmond Sisters, William Sparks, Cimino Brothers and North Brothers, John Steele, Columbia performers. Closing 14: James S. and Katie Edwards, to Newark, N. J.; Richmond Sisters, to New York; Chas. Seamon, to Erie, Pa.; Little Mac, to Pittsburg, Pa.; Noah Ryan and William Sparks, no engagement. To open 16: Helen Revere and Master Lou Blondel..... At the Queen, Little Hall, Fannie Florence and Louise De Luisi were the fresh arrivals. Closing 14: Harry Stanwood, to Erie, Pa.; and Minnie Lee, to Philadelphia, Pa. Underlined for 16: The Dalys—Bobby and Alice—and Eugenia Lavelle. Letter of April 14.

AT TUMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburg, Pa., an attractive bill was presented last week. The St. Felix Sisters were seen in their quadruple songs, dances and jig; De Witt Cooke gave a club-swinging act; Miss Leonora St. Felix vocalized sweetly; Misses Clementine and Henrietta St. Felix were seen in their character-sketch entitled "Pirates of Penzance;" W. McAndrews' act "Gus the Masher" created much laughter; Kelly and Ryan were compelled to answer several recalls. Biz very good. Departures 14: J. W. McAndrews, to Philadelphia; Gussie McCain, Erie; St. Felix Sisters, Columbus, O.; De Witt Cooke, Cincinnati; John and Minnie Hawley, Detroit. Arrivals 16: Little Mac, the Continental Four and Lizzie Mulvey. Manager Williams takes a benefit 19, when a silver belt will be given to the best amateur clog-dancer, and a gold medal to the best amateur jig-dancer. ..... The Fourth-avenue Theatre, after struggling gallantly for existence, has been obliged to succumb. The performers failed to receive any salary for the week ending 7. Upon the 9th they opened the house upon the commonwealth plan with the expectation of realizing enough to at least get them out of town. The attendance was limited, and upon sharing the receipts barely two dollars a piece was the result. They contemplated running the place the entire week; but on the 10th the orchestra refused to play, and the house closed. Advices of April 13.

BILLY BARRY'S COMPANY commences its traveling tour at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city, May 7. The troupe includes Pat Rooney, Rigby O'Neil, Quilter and Goldrich, Mrs. Whitingham and Master Newman, Edwin French, Reynolds and Walling, Lillie Hall, Adams and Lee, Almonte Bros., E. D. Gooding and Billy Barry, and an orchestra and brass band. Communications can be sent to Billy Barry, as per advertised address.

BILLY COLLINS is requested by A. J. Dean to communicate with him.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

BILLY EMERSON, Karl Steele, C. S. Fredericks, Nat Homer and Wash Norton left Chicago, Ill., April 15, for San Francisco, Cal., to open with Emerson's Minstrels. The company will be as follows: Billy Emerson, Wash Norton and John Hart, comedians; R. F. Tyrrell, first tenor; Beaumont Read, alto; C. S. Fredericks, second tenor; Mr. Harris, bass; Cheevers and Kennedy, song-and-dance; Ernest Linden, prima donna; A. C. Moreland, interlocutor; and an orchestra of eight pieces, under the direction of James S. Morrison, with Karl Steele as solo-violoncellist and musical director.

SPRAGUE & BLODGETT'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS were in Bloomington, Ill., April 6, La Salle 7, Ottawa 9, Morris 10, Joliet 11.

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS are to show in Hartford, Ct., April 16, Waterbury 17, Norwalk 18, Bridgeport 19, and New Haven 21.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS continued to draw all the past week to Beethoven Hall, Boston, Mass., and are announced for another week.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS opened at the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, 9, for a season of one week. Our correspondent says: "The instrumental and vocal departments of the company are good, and the specialty people are strong. Manchester and Jennings, William Courtright, Lew Benedict, Sam Price, Leon, and Japanese Tommy being the leading ones. The attendance the first night was good."

MME. RENTZ'S MINSTRELS will perform the present four July 4, and during July and August the company will be reorganized. Lady artists who have first-class specialties are wanted for the coming season, which commences Aug. 27. See Manager M. B. Leavitt's card.

M. J. THOMAS, tenor-balladist, advertises for an engagement.

ALLEGHENY CITY, Pa., telegraphed on April 12 that Nick Hughes, formerly well known at the West, but lately in ill health, had been missing from his home since the night before. Suicide was feared.

"THE COMANCHES" and Robert Fraser's "Drummajor" were the novel features at the Arch-street Opera-house, Philadelphia, last week. Robert Fraser had a benefit on the 9th, Charley Sutton (volunteered) and Charley Reynolds appearing on the ends in the first-part, in conjunction with Billy Sweatnam and Milt. Barlow. The annual benefit of Billy Sweatnam takes place on the 19th.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS are to show in Memphis, Tenn., April 16, 17, 18.

SPRAGUE & BLODGETT'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS are to show in Hilsdale, Mich., April 16, Adrian 17, Tecumseh 18, Jackson 19, Leslie 20, and Lansing 21.

FRANK MORAN returned to Philadelphia April 9 after a brief season in San Francisco, Cal.

MME. RENTZ'S FEMALE MINSTRELS are to show in Lancaster, Pa., April 16, Easton 17, Trenton, N. J., 18, New Brunswick 19, Newburg, N. Y., 20, Mauch Chunk 21, Poughkeepsie 23, 24, Albany 25, Troy 26, Saratoga 27, Schenectady 28.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS performed to large business the past week in the Euclid-avenue Opera-house, Cleveland, O.

A NEW TROUPE, known as Rice's Minstrels, will continue at the New Chicago (Ill.) Theatre, under the management of George Miller. Among the company will be Pat Rooney, Fayette Welch, and Baker and Doyle.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS commence a week's engagement in Washington, D. C., April 23.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS are billed in Indianapolis, Ind., April 19, 20, 21.

LEW SPENCER left New York April 4 for Chicago, where he takes Billy Emerson's place on the end with Hooley's Minstrels.

A SONG-AND-DANCE man is wanted for Cal Wagner's Minstrels. See card. The troupe will be at Kalamazoo, Mich., April 25, South Bend, Ind., 26, Legonier 30, Fort Wayne May 2, Richmond 9.

CIRCUSES.

Van Amburgh & Co.'s New Great Golden Menagerie, Circus and Colosseum.

The proprietors and officers are as follow: Proprietors, Hyatt Frost and O. J. Ferguson; manager, Hyatt Frost; assistants, Moses Crane, J. M. Unger; treasurer, O. J. Ferguson; assistants, W. J. Boston, John Steele; ticket-keepers, W. C. Boyd, H. K. Wilson, B. R. Thurston, and R. Rover; ticket-sellers, C. B. Hamilton, R. M. White, Oliver Gregory, and Hiram Waite; advertising agents, Cyrus Crosby, C. H. Scott, J. F. Crawford, A. Ogden, W. Reid, and R. Martin; billposters, H. Goodman, M. Whitelaw, G. R. Howard, F. T. Jones, M. Harlan, and Geo. Lingard; assistants in the menagerie, Joseph Rogers, James Ralston, Joseph De Lorne, Edward Holland, Thos. Manlove, R. H. Trowe, G. R. St. Charles, H. Gibson, M. Philips, R. W. Lamb, John Townsend, and Robert Aiken; master of canvas, Henry Johnsonbaugh; assistants, Walter Wilson, M. R. Morris; master of grooms, Chas. K. Woods; assistants, John Wasson, Silas Conway; master of stable-tents, Leonard Lowande; master of properties, G. H. Little; master of wardrobe, M. Soneja; master of ring-stock, P. Davids; steward, James P. Cole; cook, G. A. Goble; master of transportation, N. T. Humphreys; assistant, Wm. De Bowron; master of repairs, T. T. Thomas; director of the arena, Joseph Jee.

CLOWNS.—John Foster, George Dunbar, and M. McCollum.

COMPANY.—George Melville, Mlle. Melville, Mons. Toonisak, Mlle. Toonisak, Mlle. Clarinda Lowande, Wm. Dubois, Mons. Pogo, Napoleon Lowande, Mons. Pastrie, and son, riders; Mons. Charvat, crystal-pyramid, light and heavy balancing; Wm. Arlington, slack-rope; Dan Bear and Lowande, La Perche; Mons. Futreau, slack-rope; H. Lamkins, magic-barrel; Louis Langlois, juggler; Felix Langlois, balancing; Mlle. Pastrana, lady of the iron jaw; Mons. Pastrie, Rosa, and sevbe, Pyramidic riders.

TRICK HORSES.—Lady Godiva, Pauline, Minnie, Cubs, Lady Audley, and Maud; trick ponies, Charles Dickens, Shetland, Highflyer, and Wicked Will; trick mules, Toby, Darby, Sam, and Rob Roy. Also performing elephants, camels, ibex, reindeer, goats, and dogs.

WAGONS AND CAGES have been completely covered with gold-leaf and vermilion, excepting the original flowerings on the panels of the chariots, tableau-cars, and animal cages. A new wardrobe has been manufactured. Many prominent and rare animals have been added to the collection during the past Winter. Louis Drew's Great Chicago Band has been engaged; also Pimento's Silver Cornet Band. The street parade will be an imposing spectacle.

THE PRIVILEGE DEPARTMENTS will be conducted by James L. Hutchinson. They will employ 36 horses.

IN THE CONCERT will be Mlle. Vivienne Lubin the Watereuse; Miss Sadie Carmody, serio-comic; Mlle. Clara La Noirre, balladist; Mlle. Loretta, drum-soloist; Effie Blanchard, vocalist; Samuel Martin, one-legged song-and-dancer; M. Reddison, banjo-soloist; Harry Amato, cornetist; Hartman and Rice, negro performers; Thorpe, Henry and Hanford, clog-dancers.

THE SIDESHOW performances will consist of Signorita Blitz, magician; Zeta Zaluti, Circassian girl; Prof. Sheldon, fire-eater; Walter H. Stuart, born without legs or arms; Herman Wagner, Punch-and-Judy performer; the Patagonian Giant; also a human being half white and half black, spotted as an African leopard.

They will commence the season at Armenia, N. Y., on Thursday, April 19.

The Great United States Circus.

THE OFFICERS are as follow: Thayer & Noyes, directors; Dr. James L. Thayer, general director; C. W. Noyes, equestrian director; Charles W. Kidder, general agent; J. W. Heidler, contracting agent; billposters, G. B. Castello, Harry Wheeler, Tony Daly, Harry C. Head, Dr. Ed. Stanley, Dixie Irwin; leader of band, Mert Sexton.

CLOWNS—Tom Mack, Fred Aymar, Dr. James L. Thayer and Bill Young.

THE PERFORMERS are the entire Lowande Family—Alexander Lowande; Martinho Lowande, the bareback rider; Abelardo Lowande, somersault equestrian; Tony Lowande, the Infant Prodigy; Willie Lowande, two-and-four-pony

THE DAVENPORT DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION was recently organized in Philadelphia, Pa., with the following officers: F. Schenkler, president; T. D. Gentner, secretary; Moses Macready, treasurer; and John McKinney, business-manager.

MOZART MUSICAL UNION, one of the best amateur organizations in this city, including as it does some excellent material, gave a concert at Irving Hall on Thursday evening, April 12. The orchestra of fifty amateur performers, under the baton of Wm. Biele, rendered in a most creditable manner Leutner's Fest overture, movements from Mozart's Symphony No. 9, Nicolai's overture "Merry Wives of Windsor," a serenade by Herfurth, a romanza by Resch, and Meyerbeer's Coronation March. A. Roese, violinist; Miss Alice Dove, an exceptionally good pianist; and H. M. Hyman, basso-singer, were the soloists, with Albert H. Lins, accompanist. This concert of the sixth season of the society was a decided success.

"THE COLOR-GUARD," with Charley Collins, will be performed at the Opera-houses, Paterson, N. J., April 28, 30, May 1, 2, under the auspices of Farragut Post, No. 28, G. A. R.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

IT IS PROPOSED to place a bust or statue of the late John Oxenford in the vestibule of Drury-lane Theatre, London.

A WRITER in *The* (London) *Era* of April 1 says: "There has been a brisk competition in Paris during the past week amongst English and American speculators for the possession of 'Bebe,' the new farcical comedy produced with so much success at the Gymnase. Although the subject is utterly unsympathetic to English tastes, and although the play, which is certainly one of the very funniest produced in Paris for years, would have to be ruined before it could encounter the ordeal of the Lord-chamberlain's office, such farseeing managers as Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Burgess were prominent in their anxiety to procure 'Bebe.' The American and English right has, however, been secured by an American theatrical agent."

WILLIAM HOLLAND took his annual benefit at the Surrey Theatre, London, March 26, when he appeared, for the first time, as the Clown in the pantomime of "Jack and Jill."

"MESSALINA," a historical ballet, has been produced at the Apollo Theatre, in Rome, Italy.

MLLE. SARAH BERNHARDT, having returned too soon to the scene of her triumphs after her recent illness, has been compelled by the delicate state of her health to leave Paris for Mentone, where she has been ordered by her physician to spend a couple of months.

A PERFORMANCE in aid of the Henry Compton Fund was given at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, Eng., March 26, and realized £900. Joseph Jefferson appeared as Mr. Golightly.

THE TRAGEDIANS Rossi and Possart have been starring in nearly identical parts at St. Petersburg, Russia. They appeared as Hamlet the same evening.

AUSTRALIAN JOTTINGS.—Things theatrical and otherwise are thus referred to by our correspondent under date of

SYDNEY, N. S. W., March 8, '77.

FRIEND CLIPPER.—Again, on a steamer I am about to start for dear old America, permit me to drop you a few lines. Since my last there have been some changes here, the leading one being the first appearance of Mr. Dampier, an English actor who has been stage-manager and leading man of the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, for the past three years, and who has started on a starring tour. He is young, well-formed, handsome and fascinating, and has most musical and powerful voices I have ever heard, greatly reminding me at times of the late G. V. Brooke. He opened in Hamlet, which he played for five nights, and subsequently appeared in Othello (honorably action and acting, but also by many new readings, which, though they surprise, do not offend, and, though open to criticism, ought to be condemned. Mr. D. is also a dramatist, and has produced several of his own pieces, the most successful of which was "Valjean," from Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," in which he assumes four characters, and is effective as to completely deceive the spectator. He has also appeared successfully as Macbeth, Belphegor, Benedict and Dan'l Peggoty in "Our Emily." ..... and Sam. F. B. Bates have returned from a two years' tour through New Zealand, and are playing at the Royal to fair business. Mrs. Bates has made a hit in Elizabeth, which she plays admirably. Bates is a great favorite in many of his character parts, such as Eccles and Moneypenny. They talk of returning to America next season..... Sylvester the Fakir of Oolu is at the School of Arts, playing to light business..... Levy, the cornet-player is here, giving concerts under Aschenberg & Nichols, but not making money. He is acknowledged a superior artist, but personally is unpopular..... Corbyn's original Living Minstrels gave a farewell entertainment on the 2d at Manly, which is the Long Branch of this place, and this is the Summer season. Corbyn chartered a large steamer, and took about 600 persons down the harbor to the Heads, where they landed the 900 persons in the pavilion, and the affair was a success. ..... A troupe of Japanese are at the Queen's, but their show is only moderate..... M. and Mme. Zavistowski and Ritta, though engaged at the Victoria, are favorites and the public, owing to the Dampier engagement..... Cooper & Bailey's Circus have been a great success in Melbourne, but are now in Adelaide, only 1,000 miles distant to arrive in Ballarat. Their business has been bad of late, owing to the circus opposition. They go to New Zealand in May..... R. W. Kohler, Emmet, Rena, Maeder, E. D. Davis and Hamilton Brothers..... Lazar's Italian Opera Company are a failure at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne. ..... "The Two Roses" at the Academy of Music, Melbourne, is an artistic but not a financial success..... Wilson's Circus is doing an immense business in Adelaide. They open here in April. Kingsley and the stud of trained horses are the attraction. ..... Jim Mace arrived by the last steamer. He has been gloriously received by the sporting fraternity..... John Bennett, manager of the Victoria Theatre, has not been seen in town for the past two weeks, and various ugly rumors about bankruptcy, etc., are going about. Birrill, the California agent, has placed his affairs in the hands of his lawyers here, with instructions to sue. The amount owing to him by Bennett is said to be over £2,000..... Corbyn's Minstrels and Ballet Artistes, Premieres and Ballabies, address J. BERRY, Manager, as above. 1-4t*

THE PROMPTER

We have received letters from our regular correspondent at Melbourne, dated from Adelaide, from Cooper, Bailey & Co.'s International Circus, which reached us so late on Monday, April 16 (our day of going to press), that we are compelled to defer their publication until our next issue.

EMELIE MELVILLE is expected in Melbourne, Australia, in May next, to commence an opera-bouffe season.

ANDREW HALLIDAY (A. H. Duff), dramatic author, died in London, Eng., last week. See "Amusement Annals."

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

A SHOWMAN'S TRAVELS.—John E. Taylor, Ethiopian comedian, left London, Eng., Nov. 15, 1875, for Australia, and arrived in Melbourne Jan. 1, 1876, where he became a partner in the management of the United States Minstrels. He continued there some months. On the occasion of his last appearance he was presented with a diamond stud, a silver-mounted cane, and a gold watch, inscribed, and a pair of skates. He then went with that company to Sydney to perform for a season, and, while there, on June 12, 1876, he married Miss Lillie Tatham, a daughter of Captain Tatham of the Sixty-ninth Regiment. He taught his wife to skate, and she made her first appearance in public in Bathhurst Aug. 15, 1876. Mr. Taylor and wife left for New Zealand in October, 1876, to open a large rink in Christchurch, which they did Nov. 18, and performed there for six weeks. On their last appearance there Lillie had a benefit, and was presented with an address and a gold medal, over two inches in diameter. The address was engrossed on vellum, and bore the signatures of twenty of the subscribers to the testimonial. On the obverse side of the medal—which is bright gold—in the centre, is an excellent model in dead gold of a boot with skate attached, around this there is a wreath of laurel-leaves, also in dead gold, with a large diamond at the point where the ends of the wreath cross. Outside this there is a pierced border of pretty design, the whole being encircled by a plain rim. On the reverse side of the medal the following inscription is engraved: "Presented to Lillie the Queen of Skaters by a few of her friends and admirers, as a token of their respect and admiration of her talents, Christchurch, New Zealand, Jan. 2, 1877." On leaving there they started on a tour, opening rinks in various towns. They took a number of pairs of skates with them, and after giving exhibitions they would present a pair and let skates on hire. They will probably remain in New Zealand a year before returning to the United States.

THE WILMINGTON JUBILEE SINGERS performed before the Prince of Wales in Circencester, Eng., March 8. They were the guests of Immense business in Adelaide. They open here in April. Kingsley and the stud of trained horses are the attraction. ..... Jim Mace arrived by the last steamer. He has been gloriously received by the sporting fraternity..... John Bennett, manager of the Victoria Theatre, has not been seen in town for the past two weeks, and various ugly rumors about bankruptcy, etc., are going about. Birrill, the California agent, has placed his affairs in the hands of his lawyers here, with instructions to sue. The amount owing to him by Bennett is said to be over £2,000..... Corbyn's Minstrels and Ballet Artistes, Premieres and Ballabies, address J. BERRY, Manager, as above. 1-4t*

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CIRCUSES.

FROM ASPINWALL, our correspondent sends us the following circus intelligence:

NEW GRENADA, U. S. of C., April 8, 1877.

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Since my last, quiet has been somewhat broken by a company of amateur minstrels (we Amateur Minstrels, by the Way, who gave an excellent performance, and the many ladies and gentlemen present gave cordial marks of appreciation. Carlo Brothers' Circus, comprising some thirty people, fifteen horses, and ten ponies, arrived by steamer from Porto Bello on the night of April 1, and give their first and only performance to-night (April 8). The entire company are said to be a very respectable set of people, and well conducted. The paraphernalia is all new, and, taken all in all, it is a first-class establishment. They are all in good health and spirits, report good business, and their route

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch.—Department notices, copied from and credited to other journals, 30 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to ensure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE NEW YORK
CLIPPER ALMANAC
FOR 1877

CONTAINS A TABLE OF FASTEST RECORDED TIME, ETC., THEATRICAL CHRONOLOGY FOR 1876, SPORTING CHRONOLOGY FOR 1876, A REVIEW OF THE BASEBALL SEASON OF 1876, AND OTHER USEFUL INFORMATION.

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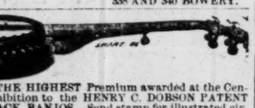

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HARRY LEE,
JUVENILE MAN.

EXTRACTS FROM CHICAGO CRITICISMS on a recent performance of THE MARBLE HEART.

MR. HARRY LEE MADE A BRILLIANT SUCCESS IN THE CHARACTER OF VOLAGE.—CHICAGO TIMES, April 6, 1877.

The Volage of Mr. Harry Lee was very good.—CHICAGO TRIBUNE, April 6.

Mr. Lee deserves special mention. He gave his dual role of the cynic and the volatile journalist with a care and intelligence which promise, with time, to place him in a very high rank in his profession. He is a promising young actor in many ways, and we trust will be retained in the company for next year.—CHICAGO EVENING HERALD, April 7.

A surprise was furnished by Mr. Harry Lee, who played Volage in a way almost out of criticism's reach. Mr. Lee had done nothing during the season that would have justified one in looking for a performance so brilliant and so near to perfection. He is a careful actor, and, generally speaking, a good one. He has made no definite failures, while he may be credited with some excellent work; but this was fine. He had evidently studied more than the mere lines of his part, for he gave no hint anywhere in his performance of the chattering creature Volage is usually made to appear. The part is at once an easy and a difficult one to play. It is easy because its relations with the other parts, and the cynicism of its language, would carry a poor actor through very decently. It is measurably one of those parts that are hard to play. But, on the other hand, to give an interpretation to the real character of Volage requires more brain than the average young actor is able to bring to bear. The philosophy is sometimes deep, and in general French; but there is something under it that Mr. Lee had the wit to perceive and the ability to work out so successfully that one feels disposed to shake hands with him in congratulation.—CHICAGO SUNDAY TIMES, April 8.

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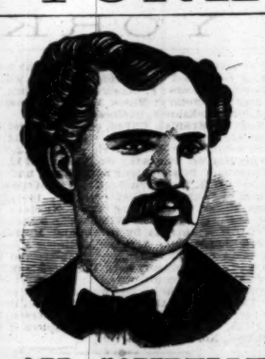

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MR. H.—Will you do your many admirers in the audience the favor to render another solo?—SIGNED BY GENERAL REQUEST, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

DEAR SIR.—Will you kindly favor many present, who are here expressly to hear you play, by giving your solo of last evening?—DUBUQUE, IOWA.

MR. HI HENRY.—You are remembered from your previous visit, and the announcement of your playing did more to fill the house than the performance on the stage.—EXTRACT FROM MAYOR HENDERSONVILLE, KY.

MR. H.—One more solo, by request of many ladies.—(SIGNED) H. W. PANIST, EVANSVILLE, IND.

It is the universal desire to hear another solo from the magnificent cornet-player.—(SIGNED) MANY ADMIRERS, MEMPHIS, TENN.

DEAR SIR.—An admiring lady, passionately fond of music, requests THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.—ANON.

MR. HI HENRY.—If convenient, please favor fantasia on AULD LANG SYNE that you played last evening. I have brought my wife and daughter especially to hear it.—(SIGNED) DR. I. F. KING AND FAMILY, DES MOINES, IOWA.

Want of space prevents my making more than an abridged reference to these distinctions. They will accept my thanks. The many members of the musical fraternity whose esteem is evinced as follows will also accept my thanks:

FRIEND HENRY.—Do your best to-night. There are five bands here on purpose to hear your solo.—(SIGNED) PROF. F. GOETZ, TEACHER OF MUSIC, PARIS, ILL.

My thanks are moreover due to the splendid bands at Middleport, O.; Kokomo, Ind., Paris, Ill. (and others), for their serenades, and to the churches at Nashville, Tenn., Elkhart, Ind., Bloomington, Ill. (and others), for their invitations to participate in choir services, and to the following journals for appended notices:

THE BURLINGTON HAWKEYE.—It is no exaggeration to say that the finest street-concert which has ever been given here by any traveling band was that to-day. We do not know the name of the leader, but he is certainly the FINEST CORNET-PLAYER WE HAVE HEARD IN A LONG TIME, ECLIPSING COMPLETELY THE BRAGGED-UP MEN who have been here with minstrel shows.

THE ELKHART DAILY REVIEW.—We were favored this morning by Mr. Henry with a rendition of one of his most choice compositions, "A Prayer to the Virgin." The soft and mellow notes as they were produced by Mr. Henry could not but touch the inmost feelings of the listener. THE RENDITION WAS BEAUTIFUL BEYOND ANYTHING THE WRITER EVER HEARD ON A CORNET. Would it not be a good idea for some of the churches to induce Mr. Henry to render it and sompe hundred pieces at some of their services? Certain it is that no more beautiful or appropriate music could be selected.

THE OMAHA HERALD.—Suffice it remained for HI Henry to carry off the honors of the evening. Not satisfied with his first solo on the cornet, the audience applauded until he made his SECOND appearance, then insisted upon hearing him a THIRD TIME. He kindly responded to their wishes; but when they were still more anxious to hear him a FOURTH TIME he did not appear, doubtless thinking there would be no end to the calls. HE IS CERTAINLY THE FINEST CORNETTIST THAT HAS EVER GRACED THE BOARDS OF THE OPERA-HOUSE, and everyone realized that a great artist was in their presence when he pressed the instrument to his lips and made it give such melodious and expressive tones.

And many others too numerous to give especial mention to. I am also pleased to acknowledge the following:

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